

EDITION DE LUXE

No. 772

SEP. 13, 1884

THE
GRAPHIC.
AN
ILLUSTRATED
WEEKLY
NEWSPAPER.

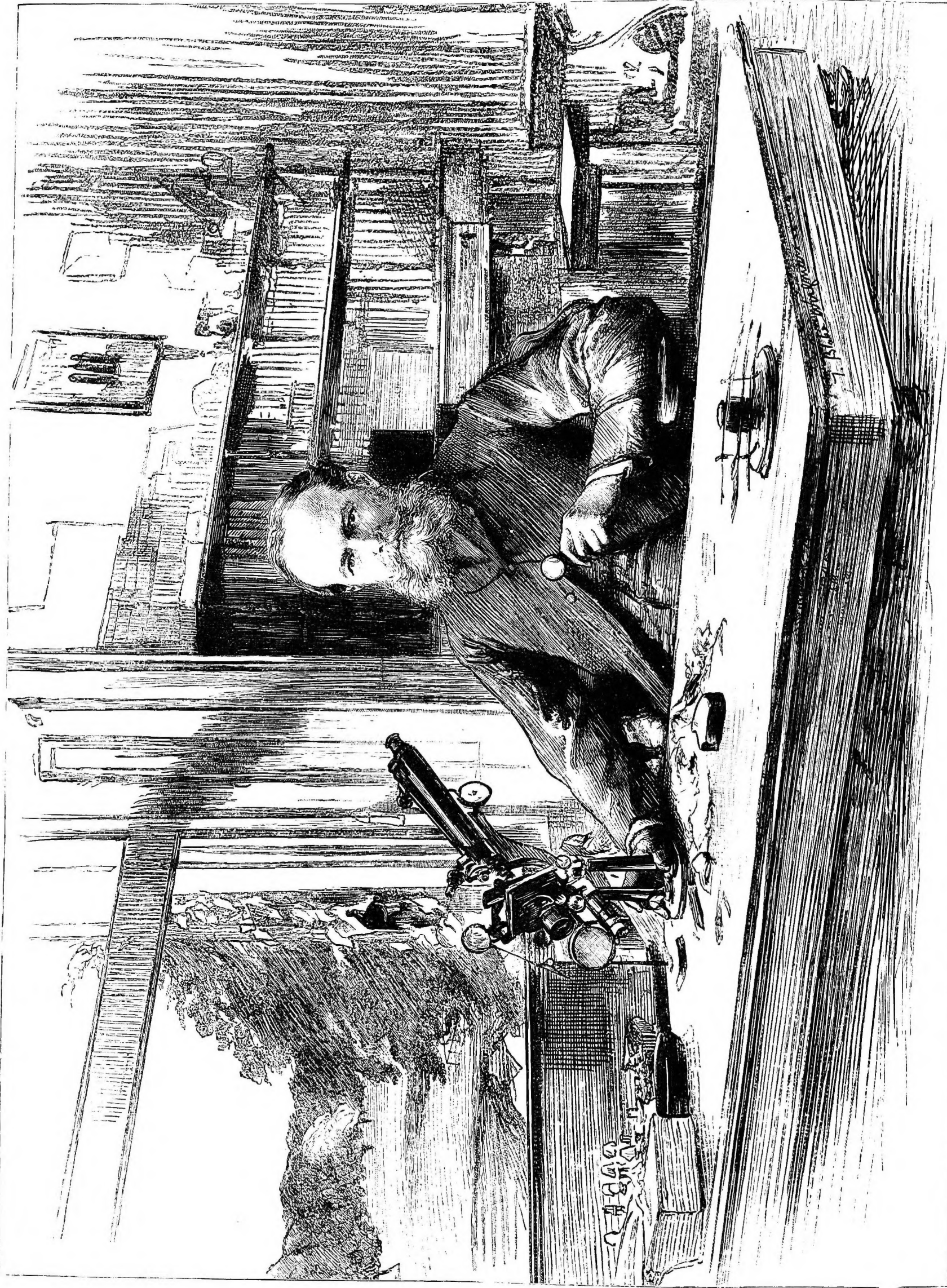


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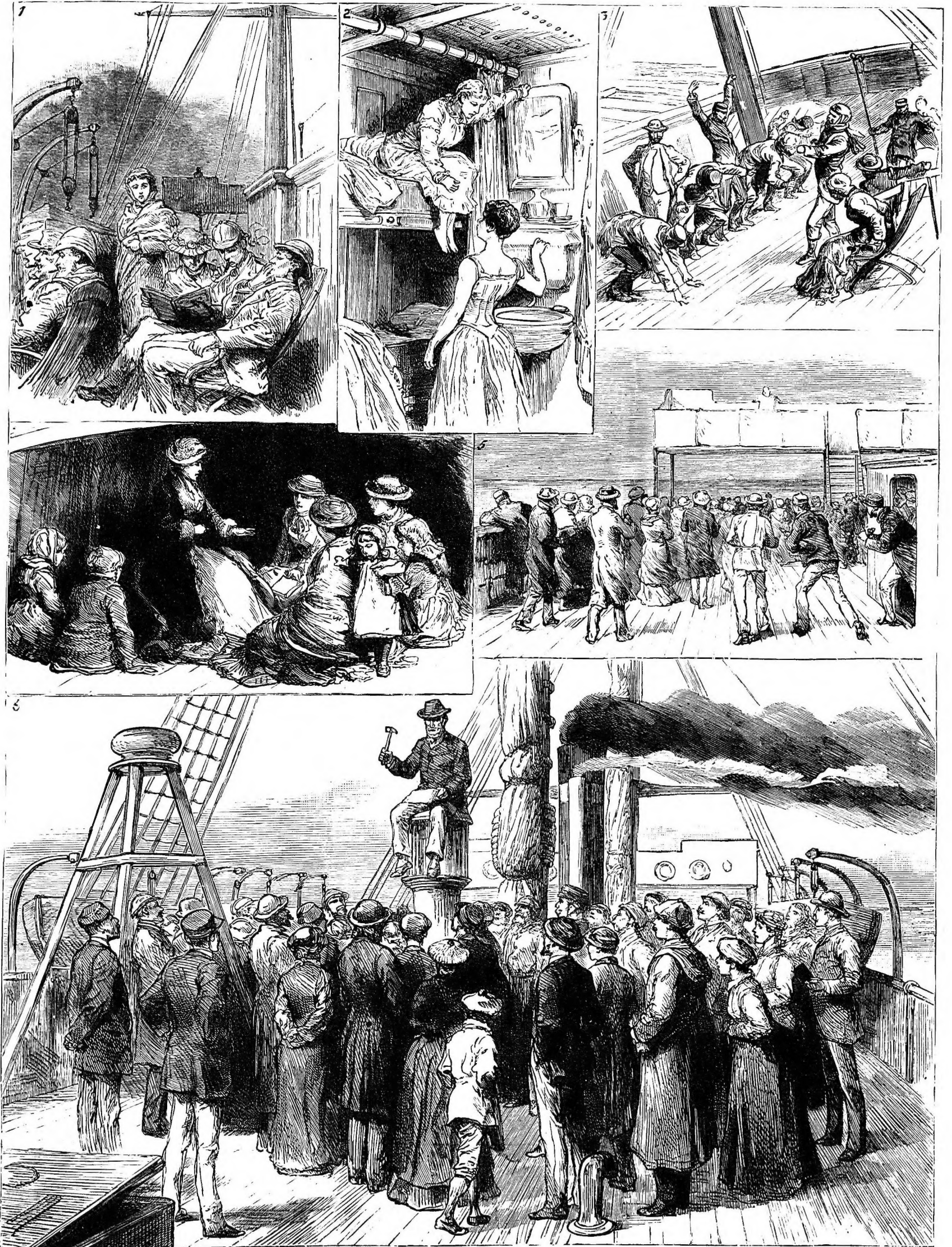
THE GRAPHIC

AN ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY NEWSPAPER

No. 772.—Vol. XXX.
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DE LUXE

SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 13, 1884

WITH EXTRA
SUPPLEMENT [PRICE NINEPENCE
By Post Ninepence Halfpenny



1. The Evening Cigar on Deck : Looking at the *Graphic* Canadian Supplement.—2. The Upper Berth Difficulty : "Wait Until the Ship gives a Lurch, Dear, and Then Jump."—3. Amusements on Deck : Tooting the Line.—4. Lady Telling a Story to Some Steerage Passengers.—5. Sighting Our First Iceberg, Aug. 22.—6. The Lottery on the Ship's Run.

MEMBERS OF THE BRITISH ASSOCIATION ON THEIR WAY TO CANADA ON THE S.S. "PARISIAN"

FROM SKETCHES BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST

Topics of the Week

THE THREE EMPERORS.—The meeting of the three Emperors and their Chancellors is likely to be the most important political event of the present year, and some French journalists are warning us that we ought to look forward to it with alarm. According to these authorities, the object of the Imperial conference is the formation of an alliance against England; and we are told pretty plainly that if Germany, Austria, and Russia come to an agreement as to the means by which we are to be coerced, they will have the cordial support of France. Now, there can be little doubt that the affairs of Egypt will form one of the topics of discussion at Skarnawice. The welfare of Egypt is of interest to the whole of Europe, and it would be strange if the leading Sovereigns and statesmen on the Continent were to meet without making reference to the extraordinary feebleness of Mr. Gladstone's policy. That any attempt will be made, however, to interfere with the action of England is in the highest degree improbable; for although Prince Bismarck would be well pleased, if he could, to damage the Liberal Government, he would certainly shrink from measures that might give offence to the British people. No one knows better than he that the enduring interests of England and Germany are identical; and we may be sure that he will do nothing which would tend to imperil the good relations of the two countries. The chief object of the meeting is probably to strengthen the friendly feeling which has lately sprung up between Austria and Russia. For some years after the conclusion of the Treaty of Berlin, the Russian and Austrian Governments regarded each other with bitter hostility; and it would not have been very surprising if they had entered upon a final contest for supremacy in the Balkan Peninsula. They now seem to recognise that the time for this struggle has not come, and that by wise diplomacy it may be, to the advantage of both Powers, indefinitely postponed. Should this conviction be confirmed by the approaching conference, England will have no reason to regret the result. A good understanding with Austria and Germany would, no doubt, enable Russia to act more freely in Central Asia; but if Great Britain were unable to protect her interests in those remote regions, she would be unworthy of her great position; and this is as well understood in St. Petersburg as in London. We have nothing to lose, and much to gain, by every movement that helps either directly or indirectly to maintain peace in Europe.

THE NILE EXPEDITION.—The arrival of Lord Northbrook and Lord Wolseley in Egypt marks another "new departure" on the part of our Government. Once more, action is to be the *mot d'ordre*, and the British Sleeping Beauty, throwing off her slumbers, bids her "only knight" set lance in rest against the Mahdi. Unhappily, that son of Mahound prefers to remain at El Obeid, and Lord Wolseley will therefore have to be content, if he can, with the relief of Khartoum. That is a tough job in itself, and the more it is looked at by experts, the less promising does it appear. Of course, no one doubts that the victor of Tel-el-Kebir could get to Khartoum sooner or later; that is a mere matter of "pegging away." But time is the governing condition of the whole business; if Gordon is to be saved from dire extremity, his rescue must be accomplished sooner, and not later. In his latest letter, he specified the 13th of November as the very latest date to which he could hold out. It is probable, therefore, that at the time when he wrote he had already put the garrison on reduced rations. We will, however, give Lord Wolseley the benefit of the doubt, and assume that Gordon had full rations in his mind when he spoke of the 13th of November as the latest date. In that case, he would be able perhaps to hold out for an additional month by half-starving his troops, thus allowing Lord Wolseley until the middle of December to reach Khartoum. Can this be done? Sir Samuel Baker, who knows the country intimately, says "it is absurd to expect that steamers will reach Berber in 1884;" and he assigns Dongola as the farthest limit of their advance this year. But, at the present moment, not a single steamer is above the Second Cataract, and there seems very little likelihood of any big craft passing that barrier in time to be of use. In that event, the expedition will have to trust to rowing and towing the whole way to Dongola, with the almost inevitable result that the concentration will not be completed until just about the time when Khartoum may be expected to surrender. With that contingency staring us in the face, it is high time to give a thought or two to the Suakim-Berber route. A supplementary and smaller force despatched from Suakim on camels might, it is estimated, reach Berber in three weeks from the time of starting; whereas the journey from Wady Halfa to that city will probably occupy more than as many months.

THE RIOTS IN BELGIUM.—The disgraceful excesses of the Belgian Liberals in their agitation against the Education Bill of M. Malou's Ministry will probably turn to their detriment in a manner more complete and lasting than they now foresee. We explained the scope of this School Bill at the time of its introduction, and, as the *Times* and *St. James's Gazette* have pointed out, the principle of the measure is that on which Mr. Forster first based the English Education Bill of 1870. Every commune is bound to provide sufficient

accommodation for its children, but it may do this if it likes by subsidising a Church school. Where the inhabitants are all of the same creed, and of one mind as to the teaching of that creed, they will no longer be forced to tax themselves for the maintenance of a school which they do not want and do not use. Wherever they are not of the same creed, or of one mind about the teaching of that creed, a separate school is to be provided for the children of dissentients on condition that these shall be not less than twenty. This is the Bill which the Liberals have been opposing with rowdy agitation and violence, not because they can question its fairness, but because they hope by tumult to force a Dissolution of the Chambers, and to obtain a reversal of the emphatic verdict which the country rendered against the late Liberal Cabinet at the elections of June and July. Two courses are open to the King. He may ratify the Bill when it has passed through the Senate, in which case the Liberals promise a long continuance of their agitation, or he may yield to clamour, and dissolve the Chambers, in which event one of two things must happen. If the Catholics should again win a majority the most drastic measures will be taken to quell the Liberal disaffection, and it may be anticipated that the policy of the Catholics from that time will be thoroughly reactionary; if, on the contrary, the Liberals come back with a small majority—which is all they can hope for—the Catholics will unquestionably join with the Radicals in carrying a Bill for universal suffrage. M. Emile de Laveleye lately showed in the *Contemporary Review* what would be the effect of such an innovation. The peasantry of Flanders being Catholics almost to a man, universal suffrage would drive the Liberals from power for an indefinite period. This is the prospect which they have to face, and its perils have all been incurred through the shameless manner in which they have sacrificed principle to a short-sighted view of party interests.

THE TRADES UNION CONGRESS.—The discussions at the Trades Union Congress are always a pleasant break in the monotony of political talk. The members meet for a specific purpose; they are men of thoroughly business habits; and they invariably go directly to the heart of the subjects in which they are chiefly interested. They are anxious that their class should be more largely represented in Parliament; and there can be no doubt that if their wish could be gratified it would be well not only for workmen, but for the whole country, since it is incredible that men like Mr. Burt would either waste public time themselves, or approve of its being wasted by others, in futile party disputes. The Congress has been blamed by some of its critics for being too ready to invoke the intervention of the State, but in reality it has shown no desire for the kind of State action which is demanded by the Socialists. It repudiates the notion that the products of industry and trade would be more fairly distributed if all capital were in the hands of public bodies; and it has never suggested that co-operative production should be fostered by means of Government loans. The State intervention of which it approves is merely such intervention as shall suffice to protect the labouring population from what it conceives to be downright oppression. Its proposals in this direction, if compared with those of foreign Collectivists or of the English Democratic Federation, are singularly moderate; and most of them are likely to be accepted either by the present or by the next Parliament. Even so mild a scheme as the suggested amendment of the Employers' Liability Act would no doubt have been condemned by the old school of political economists; but we have had ample experience of the rigid doctrine of *laissez-faire*, and there are few serious politicians who would not say that it has been found wanting.

THE "ZEPHYR" "MISAPPREHENSION."—M. Ferry probably enjoyed a quiet chuckle when the telegraph brought him the news that a Chinese commander had fired on a British gun-boat, and wounded two of her crew. If that "outrage" did not fire the blood of John Bull, and cause him to join his gallant neighbours in checking Celestial insolence by "reprisals," nothing would. Perhaps the French Premier even pictured to himself another Anglo-French advance on Peking, with all the kicks for the English and all the halfpence for the French, culminating in the burning and looting of an Imperial palace. If any visions of this sort occurred to the lively Parisian imagination, painful, indeed, must have been the awakening. Instead of attempting to excuse or to screen the offending governor, as certainly would have been done twenty years ago, the Peking mandarins disowned him at once, tendered profuse apologies, and offered every reparation in their power. That, of course, ended the "incident," and the author of the misadventure was probably ended about the same time. It is in the nature of things that little complications of this sort must occur from time to time, but so long as the Chinese Government makes the *amende* without hesitation or demur, England will assuredly not take hostile action of any sort. A war with China, unless absolutely forced upon us by wilful provocation, would be extremely unpopular in this country. For a good many years we have been getting on very comfortably with that land, to mutual advantage, and now that we know its people better than we did, we have little fancy for making targets of them. So M. Ferry may put aside the idea that "Perfidie Albion" will be induced to join him in slaughtering the Chinese, to the honour and glory of *la belle France*.

SELF-DEFENCE.—We hope that Mr. George Head, of Worthing, will get fair play from a jury on his trial for "feloniously shooting." Here is a tradesman whose offence in the eyes of a mob was that he belonged to the Salvation Army. A fortnight ago his shop was attacked and wrecked; he himself and his family were brutally assaulted. A week elapsed, and during that time the authorities of Worthing could have made ample preparations to give Mr. Head the protection which he, as a ratepayer, had a right to demand. They did not give him this protection, and last Sunday a rabble again assembled to throw stones through his windows and to roar violent threats at him. Thereupon the unfortunate man tried to disperse his aggressors by firing upon them. The rights and wrongs of the Salvation Army disappear altogether from this special case, and leave only the question as to whether a man is not justified in taking the defence of his own life, of his family, and of his property, into his own hands, when the agents of the law are powerless to protect him? Society delegates the protection of its members to magistrates and police, but when this protection fails, we revert to the state of nature, in which every man must defend himself as he best can. A man would not be blamed for firing upon aggressive savages in Africa. Why should his hands be tied in the face of attacks from savages in his own country? We may sympathise with the people whom Mr. Head wounded, but what were they doing among the yelling crowd in front of his house? All the recent proceedings at Worthing reflect the greatest discredit upon the local magistracy, and on them must rest the responsibility of the mischief that has occurred through an ill-used, exasperated citizen having been driven to use summary means for scattering a herd of cowardly assailants.

CONSERVATIVE WORKING MEN.—During the last few weeks speakers at Tory meetings have had much to say about the strength of Conservatism among the working classes. In one sense they are probably right, for the English people are essentially Conservative, and there is no reason to suppose that in this respect workmen differ from other sections of the community. But in the party meaning of the word "Conservative" there are certainly not many signs that Lord Salisbury has an important body of adherents among the labouring population. At the Conservative picnics workmen have not figured very prominently, and the annual meetings of the Trades-Union Congress never by any chance pass a resolution in support of the distinctive aims and ideas of the Tory chiefs. It is, indeed, rather surprising that the Conservative party, as at present constituted, should expect to arouse the enthusiasm of those who are called "the masses." As individuals, Conservatives are not less philanthropic than Liberals; but as a party they devote their energy chiefly to the protection of what they suppose to be their own interests. It is true that the recent movement for the provision of improved dwellings for the working classes was started by Lord Salisbury, and much credit is due to him for the zeal he manifested in so good a cause. He did not, however, suggest any important measures for the removal of the evils he so eloquently described; and the subject has seldom been dealt with—lately, so far as we have observed, it has never even been referred to—by his leading supporters. The Liberals, on the other hand, whether their remedies for social grievances be good or bad, are at least always eager in their expressions of sympathy with "the people," and they show that they are not only willing but anxious to consider every reasonable proposal for the benefit of those who need such help as can be rendered by legislation. If the Conservatives are really determined to extend their influence, they must cease to be mere defenders of established institutions, the absolute sufficiency of which at the present stage of our civilisation is by no means obvious to the majority of working men.

THE STREET RUFFIAN.—That exceedingly unpleasant "big gooseberry," the street ruffian, has appeared this year before his proper season. He is not due until the end of October, or thereabouts—that is to say, he does not generally touch the zenith of blackguardism until then. It is much to be regretted that he should have broken through his usual custom on the present occasion, and we can only hope the police will equally break through theirs, by being on the alert for the midnight rough so early as September. One complainant who lives near Charing Cross makes mention of gangs of ruffians bellowing up and down the streets after the public-houses are closed, to the great disturbance of the neighbourhood. Charing Cross is not a whit worse off in that matter than numberless other localities within metropolitan boundaries, and especially the nearer suburbs. At any time between midnight and 2 P.M. the wayfarer will be sure to meet bands of low roysterers, sometimes attended by demoralised girls, shrieking and howling and blaspheming as if the sleeping city were under no sort of government. The police never interfere with the blatant brutes: this is the chosen land of liberty, and every Briton has the right to bellow himself hoarse at any hour of the night he may prefer. Should a half-maddened householder determine to put a stop to the nuisance, at any cost of personal inconvenience, he may—if he can—obtain his tormentors' names, and summon them. The odds are, of course, that they will set upon him with fist and foot, and leave him on the ground for some good Samaritan to pick up. Assuming, however, that he succeeds in obtaining the

roughs' names and addresses, and has them summoned, the Bench will be sure to let them off with the mildest of mild reprimands. Half-a-dozen exemplary sentences would stop the nuisance at once, but we fear there is not the remotest chance of their being passed.

SPORTING PROPHETS.—That was a very censorious magistrate and a rather innocent one who thundered against a sporting prophet the other day for selling at a penny apiece envelopes containing "straight tips." His worship does not seem to have been aware that there are prophets who make a living by "naming the winner" for fees which much exceed a penny. The avocations of this particular prophet do not appear to have brought him much luck, but generally it is the people hearkening to the prophets who find themselves in trouble. We might offer a word of advice to such persons. Before they take to betting in earnest, let them go through a course of dummy betting privately by themselves—that is, let them take the winners named every day for the various races by one or other of the leading prophets, and back each of these horses mentally for a guinea. These bets having been duly entered in a book, a reckoning can be made at the end of the racing season, and if the balance of losses does not then cure a man of betting for good, nothing else would be likely to do so. Charles Dickens used to say that the ruling passion of civilised man was to get a free order for the play, and he would tell a droll story of a shipwrecked seaman, who, having related his horrible adventures to a circle of journalists, was compassionately asked by them what they could do for him. He became lost in deep thought for a moment, and then said he should "like a ticket to go and see the pantomime." We believe, however, that the credulity as to straight tips is a human failing as widespread as the ambition to go to the theatre without paying. Those who do not care for racing tips greedily open their ears to whispers from the Stock Exchange or from the political back-stairs; and there is nothing very creditable in this avidity, which comes mostly from the assumption that the whisperers are in a position to disclose secrets surreptitiously obtained, or to betray confidences committed to their honour. A little reflection would convince the tip-hunters that the persons ready to divulge important secrets are generally those who are least to be trusted on their words; but people do not reflect, or else the sporting prophet would find his occupation gone. Nobody can suppose that a prophet has been able to judge *de visis* all the horses which he selects. Whence, then, does he get his information, and how much of it would look trustworthy on close examination?

VILLAGE LIFE IN ENGLAND.—To many people the words "village life" suggest very pleasant ideas. They think of a contented peasantry living a life of idyllic simplicity; working hard, of course, but rewarded by quiet joys for which dwellers in crowded cities sigh in vain. The reality, it is to be feared, differs widely from this ideal picture; and a correspondent of the *Daily News*, who evidently knows his subject well, is doing good service by setting forth the facts as he himself has observed them. Even his account, it seems, is rather too favourable; for, whereas he speaks of the agricultural labourer as earning "twelve shillings a week, nearly double the old wages," another correspondent of the same journal declares that in Essex and part of Suffolk the wages average only nine shillings. In many villages the dwellings of labourers are still utterly unfit for human habitation; and when an epidemic breaks out, the unfortunate people know not what to do, for there are no village hospitals, and the sick cannot receive proper attention in wretched cottages. If a labourer stricken by infectious disease happens to be merely a lodger, he may have to die by the wayside, the authorities of "the Union" being not less unwilling than his landlord or landlady to make provision for his wants. As for the amusements of English villages, they may be easily summed up—English villagers have, as a rule, no amusements. The result, of course, is that multitudes of our peasantry continue to crowd into large cities; and it is difficult to say whether in doing so they inflict most damage on towns or on the country. It is certain that if this state of things is not speedily remedied by private effort it will soon occupy the serious attention of Parliament. Would not great landowners promote their own interests by thoroughly investigating the subject for themselves? They have still a chance of making life tolerable for the mass of workers on whom, in the last resort, their wealth depends; and it may be very much to their disadvantage if they let the opportunity escape.

THE "MIGNONETTE" HORROR.—Without touching upon the revolting details of the case which has occupied so much space in the papers, a curious psychological phenomenon stands forth as the central fact, and removes the affair from the ordinary category of horrors. This is not merely that the survivors should have charged themselves with murder immediately after their rescue, but that they have steadfastly stood to the terrible indictment ever since. Had they only made the confession when first taken on board the *Montezuma*, they might have easily recanted afterwards, on the plea that they were demented by starvation and suffering when they made the statement. There were no witnesses but themselves, and they knew it. Yet although this temptation must have been present to them throughout the homeward voyage of seven weeks, they never appear to have

made the slightest attempt to withdraw their confession. Nor can it be argued that they held to the truth in ignorance that the deed they had done was wilful murder. It is true that they appear to have been much surprised when arrested just on the eve of proceeding to London. But when they were afterwards brought before the magistrates, their counsel acknowledged—at their desire, we assume—that they had committed the crime with which they were charged. This shows, at all events, that the three wretched men are resolved to bear any punishment which the law may direct, sooner than endure any longer the pangs of remorse. It was that feeling apparently which worked upon them in the boat, to make full confession should they be rescued, and it has not yet relaxed its grip of their consciences. The narrative is one of the most shocking in maritime annals, but it has, at all events, the redeeming feature of proving the vitality of the human conscience, even under circumstances exactly calculated to still its voice. Apart from this, the story is a hideous one in every detail, and we could well wish that the trial might take place *in camera*.

GRATUITIES.—The Paris *Figaro* has been seriously considering the subject of *pourboires*, and lays down certain rules which may guide the payers of these forced imposts. A waiter's fee ought to be rated at five per cent. on the bill. A traveller staying in an hotel should reckon that he owes two-pence-halfpenny a day to the hall-porter; and like sums daily to the boots and chambermaid, with rather higher gratuities to the head-waiter. When a family are travelling, these items need not be multiplied by the number of persons forming the family. Fifty per cent. a head may be deducted, but in sum our contemporary sets down the total of *pourboires* which should be paid by a family of four persons who have sojourned twenty days in an hotel, at fifty-three francs. This amount may be "strictly reasonable," as the *Figaro* says, and certainly people who like to do the right thing when they travel would be glad if the above tariff could be accepted once and for all as satisfactory by the solicitors of *pourboire*, *trinkgeld*, *buonamano*, and *backsheesh*. But the objection to regulating gratuities on any fixed scale is that when so consecrated they cease to be gratuities, and the recipients expect something additional as a token of personal regard. When Albert Smith suggested that attendance should be charged for in the bill in order that a customer might not be overcharged for the same by waiters, he made the most unfortunate proposal that ever emanated from a man having experience of hotels and of human nature. Licensed victuallers jumped at his idea, and now customers have simply to pay a double tax. For the sake of good-natured travellers, however, we cannot too earnestly pray men who have the moral courage to refuse gratuities to persevere in this stoicism. The man who is not afraid of waiters and chambermaids is usually a tough customer whom these domestics will serve, if not with the genial activity of humble friendship, as Sidney Smith would have put it, at least with the alacrity of terror; and by denying gifts such persons cause the vails of their feebler fellow-creatures to be more gratefully valued and requited.

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" 10 " 8.45 " " 8.50 " " 7.15 " "
" 11 " 9.30 " " 9.35 " " 8.50 " "
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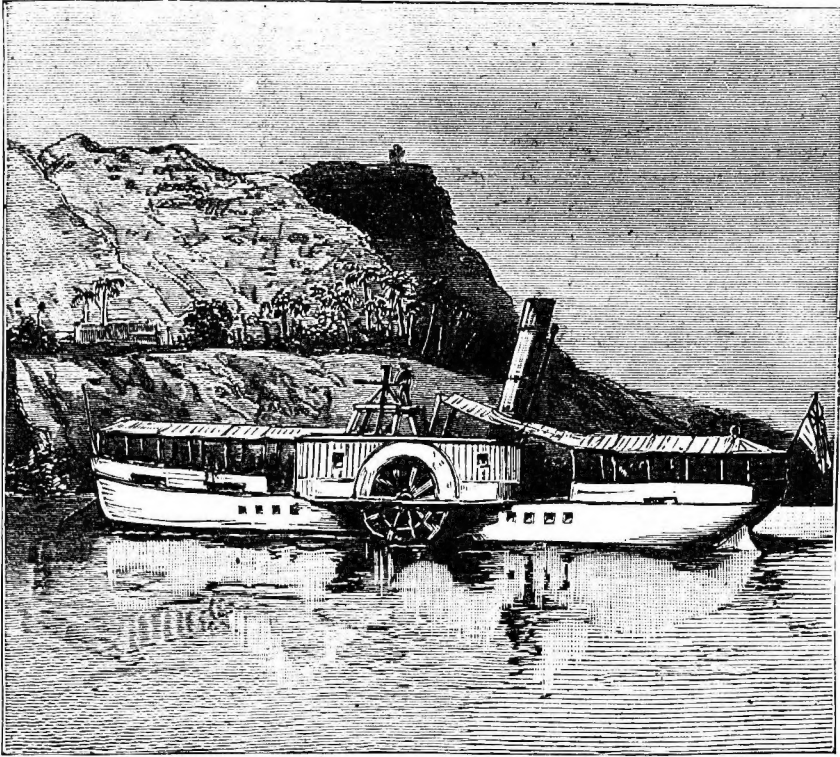
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WITH THE BRITISH ASSOCIATION—ON THE VOYAGE OUT

OUR illustrations represent various incidents on board the ss. *Parisian*, in which many distinguished members and associates of the British Association made the voyage to Quebec last month. The weather was at first propitious, and during the first few days promised a fair passage. A gale, however, eventually supervened, and this, combined with a head wind, made the journey somewhat longer than usual. "In spite of the weather," writes Mr. T. H. Thomas, from whose sketches our illustrations have been engraved, "a good many amusements were kept going on deck. A few of my jottings relate to 'associates.' These are usually ladies, an 'associate' being defined as 'a near relative—a permanent inmate of the member's house,' and the name is generally applied to the younger ladies on board." Every Transatlantic traveller knows the difficulty of getting out of a top berth when the ship is lurching and rolling heavily, and there is uncertainty as to where the inmate may alight whenever he or she decides to jump. The advice proffered by the lady in security on the floor is, perhaps, the soundest which could be given under the circumstances. "Tying the line" is not an easy experiment in heavy weather, and only practised hands ever keep a



THE ARMED PATROL STEAMER "MAHMOUDEYEH" OFF ELEPHANTINE ISLAND
(A Nile Steamer fitted up as a Gunboat, and flying the British White Ensign)

1. Essex Camp in a Grove of Date Trees.—2. Sussex Camp.—3. Egyptian Cavalry Camp on the Hill

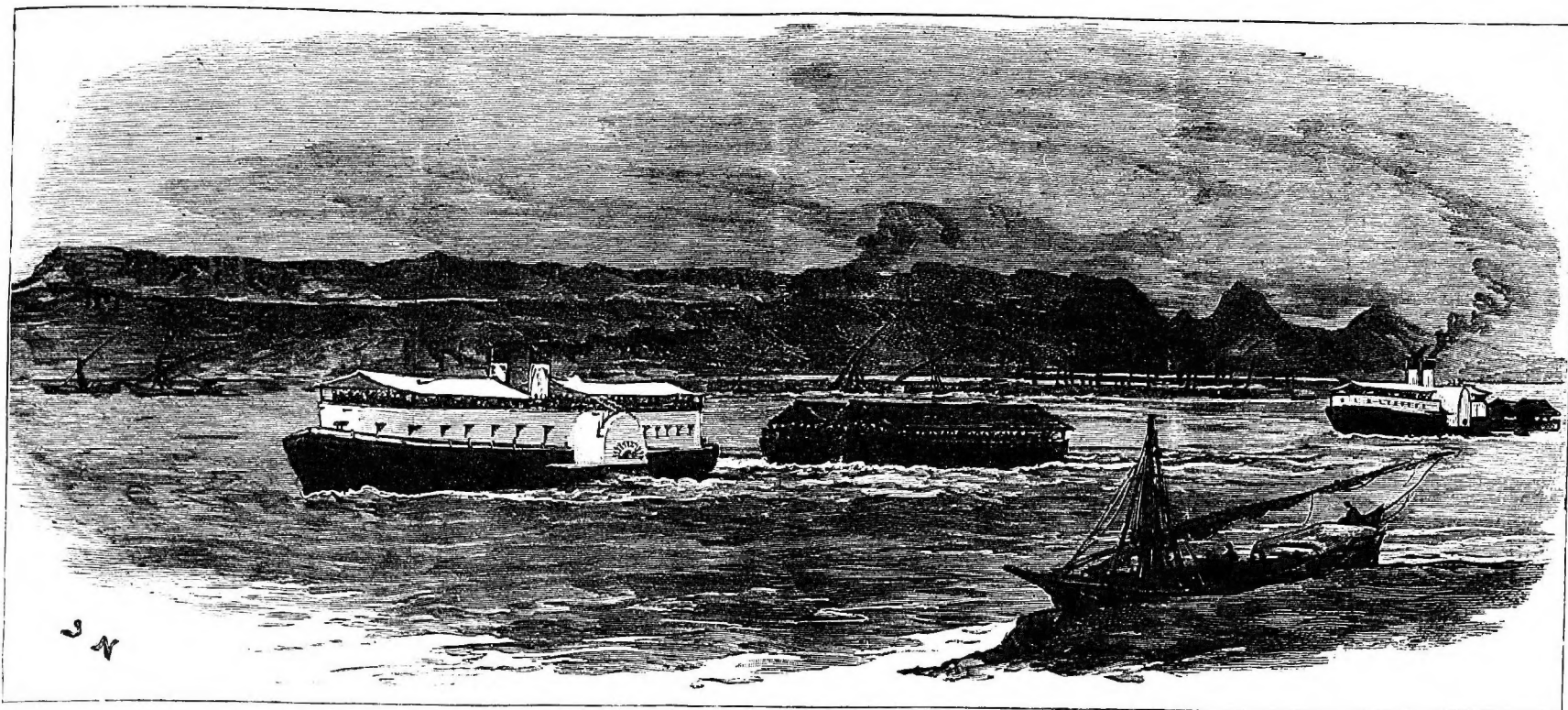
CAMPS OF ESSEX AND SUSSEX REGIMENTS AT ASSOUAN

THE NILE EXPEDITION FOR THE RELIEF OF GENERAL GORDON
FROM SKETCHES BY MILITARY OFFICERS

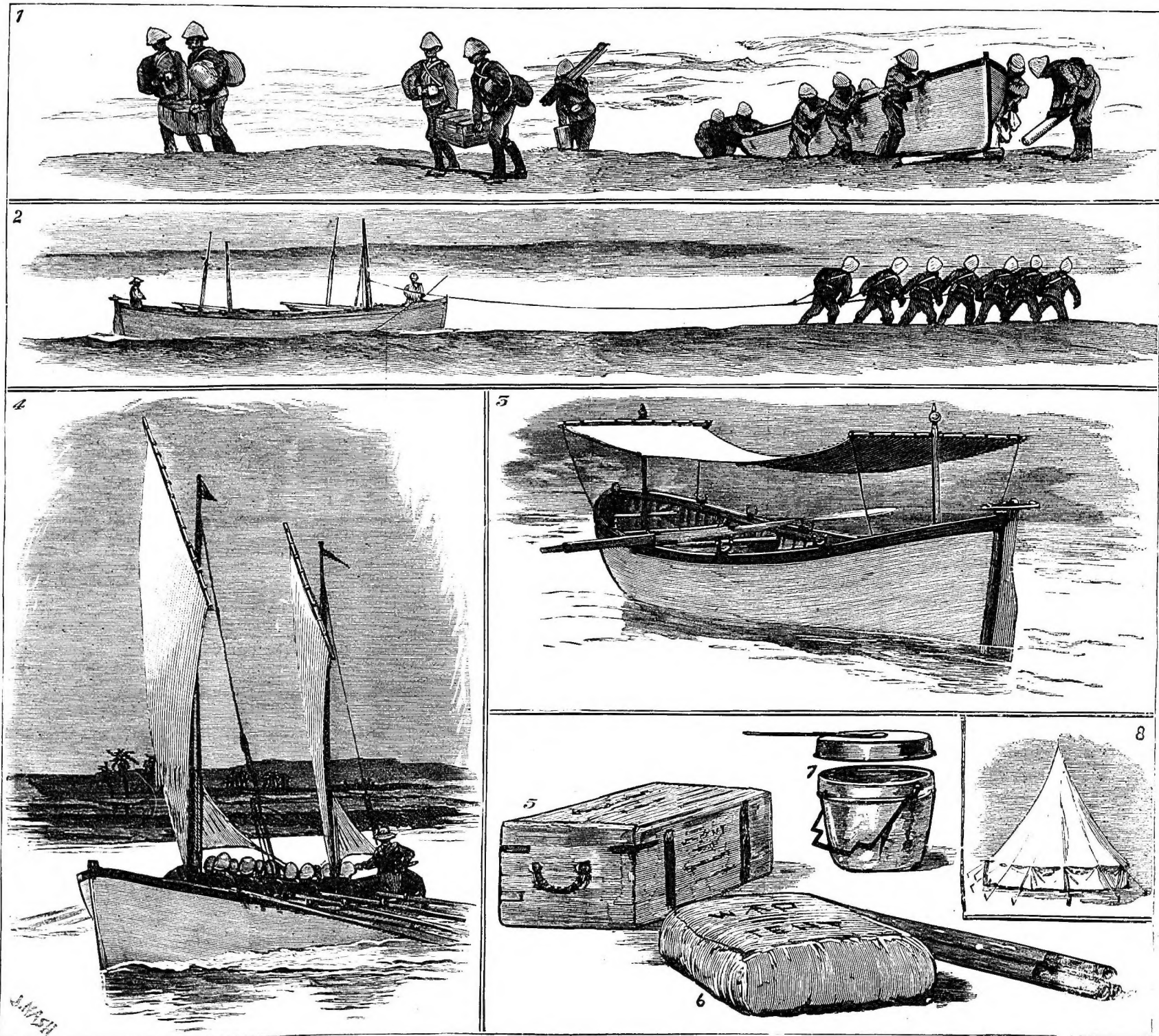


1. We are Locked in by the Guardian, and Fortify Ourselves Before Beginning Work.—2. After Several Hundred Feet of Horizontal Progression, During Which We Find the Stalactites More Ornamental than Useful.—3. We Commence the Descent, Leaving the Ropes in Place for the Return Journey.—4. The Big One Comes to Grief, and is Hauled Out Rather the Worse for Wear.—5. We Come to a Hole, the Limit of Previous Exploration, Which Effectually Prevents Two of Our Party from Proceeding.—6. But the Two Thin Ones Pursue their Way.—7. And Finally Reach the Lowest Cavern and the Limit of the Caves, at a Vertical Depth of 700 feet from the Entrance.

EXPLORATION OF ST. MICHAEL'S CAVE, GIBRALTAR, BY NAVAL OFFICERS



THE FIRST STAFFORDSHIRE REGIMENT ON ITS WAY TO WADY HALFA
From a Sketch by a Military Officer



1. Taking Boats Round the Rapids on Rollers.—2. Towing from the Shore.—3. Boat Fitted with Awning.—4. Boat Sailing Free.—5. One of the 60 lb. Boxes Containing Rations, Ammunition, &c., to be Stowed in the Bottom of each Boat.—6. Tent Packed.—7. Flanders Kettle with Top Fitted with Handle Converted into a Frying Pan.—8. Tent for Fifteen Men.

HOW THE NILE BOATS WILL BE WORKED

THE NILE EXPEDITION FOR THE RELIEF OF GENERAL GORDON

direct path. The various struggles of the competitors, however, are exceedingly amusing to witness. The first iceberg sighted generally causes great excitement amongst the passengers, who on the news being known rush up on deck armed with all manner of "spy-glasses." A "Calcutta Sweepstakes" is a very favourite sport on board, as it appeals to the gambling instinct which lies dormant in all human nature. Mr. Thomas thus describes it:—

"Shares in the sweepstake having been taken, numbers are allotted to the subscribers in the following way:—A committee determine on the most probable number of knots which the ship will run during the day's course. This is then made the centre of a regular series of as many numbers as there are shareholders. Thus, if the ship is supposed to be likely to run 330 knots, and there are sixty shareholders, the list would extend from 301 to 360. The numbers are then distributed to the shareholders by drawing. The number which is found to correspond to the ship's run when this is posted next day takes the pool. So far it does not differ from an ordinary sweepstake; but the 'Calcutta' character is given to it by the next step, which is the compulsory sale by open auction of all the shares. One half of the price which the number fetches is added to the pool, and the other returned to the owner. The price bid for any number varies, of course, according to the judgment formed by the buyers as to the number of knots which the ship will run during that day, and the consequent probability of it being the winner."

THE EGYPTIAN RELIEF EXPEDITION

SKETCHES AT ASSOUAN

THE *Mahmoudeyeh*, which is represented in our illustration at anchor off Assouan, under the island of Elephantine, is one of the steamers hired by Messrs. Cook and Son from the Khedivial Government. She is manned by British Blue-jackets, is fitted with a Gardner gun, and, together with her sister-ship, the *Gliza*, is employed in patrolling the river.

The other sketch shows the camps of the Essex and Sussex Regiments. "The former," writes the officer to whom we are indebted for our sketch, "is placed in a grove of date trees about 500 yards from the river, the camp of the Sussex Regiment being further up on the bank. The Egyptian cavalry are stationed on the hill. The camel in the foreground is carrying water. These huge, unwieldy animals are frequently led by very small boys." Assouan being situated a few miles from the First Cataract is likely to be one of the most important depôts of the expedition.

THE FIRST STAFFORDSHIRE ON THEIR WAY TO WADY HALFA

THE 1st South Staffordshire Regiment left Cairo on the evening of the 10th of August, and reached Assiout, the terminus of the railway, the following morning. The transport conveyance provided for the regiment were two of Messrs. Cook's Nile steamers, each having in tow two barges. The leading steamer, the *Masr*, towed the barges appropriated for the transport animals and commissariat stores. The *Mahmoudeyeh* followed at a short distance, towing the barges with the men on board. The following officers accompanied the regiment:—Lieut.-Colonel C. A. F. Creagh (of the 2nd Battalion), in command, Lieut.-Colonel Beal; Capt. A. B. Horsburgh, F. Broadwood, C. H. Wylly; Lieuts. H. C. Chads, H. N. C. Heath, W. C. Bridge, C. W. N. Miller, R. F. B. Glover, C. B. FitzHenry, and H. R. H. Jack.

THE BOATS FOR THE NILE EXPEDITION

WE have already, in our issue for August 30th, illustrated and described the form of the boats now being constructed to carry up the Nile the little army which is being organised for the relief of General Gordon. Our present sketches show them fitted up and at work, as they appeared during a recent trial. In consequence of the numerous cataracts and rapids on the Nile arrangements have had to be made for the transport of these boats for some distance overland. Accordingly each is provided with stout rollers for use in the manner depicted. The men not employed in pushing the boats are carrying the boxes and other portions of the cargo. In addition each boat is furnished with six poles for propelling over shallows and rapids, while her dead-weight cargo consists of eighty-six boxes of supplies, a half-ton vat of stores and utensils, and about 600 pounds of ammunition. When all this is packed away there is still room for a dozen men to sit and navigate the craft, and it has now been decided to add to the cargo a bell tent, a charcoal cooking-stove, a filter, and nets and lines, so that the day's rations may be supplemented by fresh fish. The boats will carry white lights, excepting forty-five, which will act as outlying pickets, and be distinguished by red lanterns. Our sketches are mainly described by the titles, but we may mention that No. 2 shows the method of towing by means of a rope attached to the foremast—two men being left in the boat for steering purposes. The kettle is similar to that used in Flanders, the cover being fitted to a handle so as to be converted into a frying-pan at will.

AN EXPLORATION OF ST. MICHAEL'S CAVE, GIBRALTAR

"THERE is a popular belief that this cave extends under the Straits of Gibraltar to the African coast," writes the naval officer who has furnished us with the sketches from which our illustrations are engraved, "so we determined to prove the truth of this wonderful 'yarn.' Our party of four middies, two big and two small, started in early morn, with candles, lanterns, ropes, &c.; and, having obtained admission from the sergeant in charge of the key, we stripped, refreshed, and commenced the descent.

"The entrance is 850 feet above the level of the sea, and we had at first to undertake several hundred feet of horizontal work, the passage in places being only two or three feet high, and consisting of a series of caverns of different sizes, full of enormous pillars, stalactites, stalagmites, &c. Sketch No. 3 depicts the opening at the end of a large cavern and a drop of seventy feet. The cavern is 100 feet long and forty feet broad. There is a hole in the ground, resembling a well, forty feet deep. Thence we came to another cavern, and then we traversed narrow, jagged, 'chimney-like' passages. Sixty feet down is a small cavern, with a small hole outlet, through which only two of us could pass. This cavern is marked as being the extent of the Government exploration by engineers. Then came a continuation of our chimney progression (No. 6), during which we came upon occasional small caverns, until we reached the bottom cavern (No. 7), in which was a pool of clear water, one foot deep. We then began our ascent, and once more reached the open air, after spending seven hours and a half in the cave. The air was quite good throughout."

ON AN EMIGRANT SHIP—THE BREAKFAST BELL

THE deck of an emigrant ship is ever an interesting study of human life and character. In no other place can such a miscellaneous and international crowd be seen gathered together. Finns from the Land of the Midnight Sun, Italians from the sunny South, stolid Germans with their inseparable pipe, sanguine Irishmen, canny Scots, voluble Frenchmen, sober-sided Englishmen—all bound Westward to make a new start in life, and seek that fortune which has been denied them in the Old World. Some, it is true, are aged fathers and mothers, going out to join their sons, who have made homes for them in their adopted country; while others are children rescued from poverty, even crime, and now

being escorted by Miss Rye, or some worthy philanthropist, to our Canadian colonies, where, as yet, there is plenty of work for those willing to labour. The majority of the emigrants, however, are composed of the young and able-bodied, and are full of hopeful expectations with regard to their new career, though somewhat saddened at leaving country and friends. Considering the heterogeneous character of the emigrants, it is marvellous how they fraternise with each other on board ship, and nationalities, presumably bitter and hereditary foes, may here be seen together in perfect amity. Some of the varied types of emigrants may be seen in our engraving, which was taken on board the Dominion Line steamer *Sarnia* when at anchor in Belfast Lough. The vessel had more than a thousand souls on board, including a large number of emigrants sent out by the London Samaritan Society and Homerton Mission, which has helped out to the Colonies in various ways 5,113 persons during the past four years. The class of emigrants thus assisted consists mainly of general and agricultural labourers, mechanics, and domestic servants. Many of the emigrants had, of course, been travelling for many days, while the Irish contingent had only just come on board, and were about to be initiated into the mysteries of their first meal at sea. Whether when the next breakfast-bell rings they will be quite so sharp set as they appear to be in the still waters of the Lough is open to speculation.

MR. GLADSTONE AT EDINBURGH

MR. GLADSTONE arrived in Edinburgh on Wednesday, August 27, and, after an enthusiastic welcome from the crowds which thronged the streets of the Scottish capital, drove to Dalmeny, where he was the guest of the Earl of Rosebery during his stay. Outside the Caledonian Railway Station, and in the great open space into which six thoroughfares converge, a vast multitude had congregated, and, despite a bitter cold wind, and the fact that the train was forty minutes late, the utmost order and good temper prevailed. On the appearance of the Premier outside the station the most deafening cheers were raised, and Mr. Gladstone, who stood up in his carriage with his head uncovered, was kept bowing for several minutes.

On the following Saturday also, when Mr. Gladstone drove in from Dalmeny, to make his promised speech in the Corn Exchange, crowds of people had assembled in the streets of Edinburgh and in the wide area of the Grassmarket, where the Corn Exchange is situated, to welcome him.

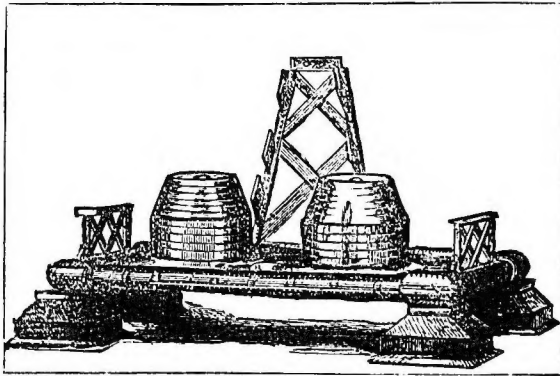
The interior of the Corn Exchange presented a bright and lively appearance. The bald and sombre market had been converted into an elegant hall, capable of seating some 4,200 persons. The larger part of the vast area was set apart for electors of Midlothian.

The hall was tastefully decorated with coats of arms, hangings of blue and white calico, and festoons of evergreens. On the walls were a series of medallions, bearing the names of leading Liberal politicians of the day, and a number of shields recording the chief events in Mr. Gladstone's career.

The long rows of seats occupied by the electors presented a most interesting appearance. Sunbunt farmers and village tradesmen sat there side by side with county gentlemen and professional men.

At 5.15 Mr. Gladstone and his friends mounted the platform. They were received with great enthusiasm. As soon as he began to speak, the utmost quietness settled down upon the vast assembly, and, during the whole of his speech, which lasted ninety-six minutes, he was not once interrupted, except by friendly indications of approval. There was another display of enthusiasm when the Prime Minister sat down, and, as he left the hall, great numbers pressed forward to shake hands with him.

The annexed engraving represents an inkstand, which, together with an axe, was presented to Mr. and Mrs. Gladstone during their stay at Dalmeny by a deputation from the workmen engaged at the Forth Bridge Works, as mementoes of their recent visit to the bridge. The inkstand, which has been constructed by Messrs. Marshall and Sons, George Street, Edinburgh, from pieces of granite



and steel used in the erection of the bridge, measures 9 inches in length by 5½ inches in breadth. The outer border is composed of miniature steel tubes similar in design to those of which the bridge is principally to be constructed. The ink bottles are in the form of the iron caissons which are to support the cantilevers, and the pen-rack and handles take the form of the lattice girders which are to bind the structure together. On a steel plate which is mounted on the gilded sole of the inkstand, and which has been made at the engineering workshops at the bridge, from the bed plate on the top of the caissons, is the following inscription:—"Presented by the employees of the Forth Bridge Works to the Right Hon. W. E. and Mrs. Gladstone, on the occasion of their visit to the bridge, 28th August, 1884." The axe, which has been made of the steel bed plate of the caissons, was forged and finished at the works. The handle is of ash, from wood grown at Dalmeny, and felled five years ago by Mr. Gladstone. On the blade has been engraved an inscription, and a drawing in perspective of the Forth Bridge.

PRESENTATION OF COLOURS TO THE GORDON HIGHLANDERS

ON the 28th ult. the Prince and Princess of Wales, with Princes Albert Victor and George and Princesses Louise, Victoria, and Maud, presented new colours to the 3rd Battalion Gordon Highlanders. This regiment, of which the Prince is Honorary Colonel, was originally formed at the opening of the French Revolutionary Wars, when it was feared that the French intended to invade Great Britain. It was then called the Aberdeenshire or 6th North British Militia. In 1816 it was disbanded, but in 1855 the men were again under arms, the regiment being designated the 89th Royal Aberdeenshire Militia. Now the regiment has been attached to the 92nd Highlanders, and is known as the 3rd Battalion Gordon Highlanders. Aberdeen donned holiday dress in honour of the event, and all preparations were made to give the Prince and Princess an enthusiastic welcome, and notwithstanding the incessant rain the streets were thronged with crowds eager to catch a glimpse of the Royal visitors. The Prince and Princess were received at the station by Lord Aberdeen, General A. Macdonald (Commander of the Forces of North Britain), the Lord Provost, and Colonel

Turner, commanding the Gordon Highlanders. After the Lord Provost had duly presented an address the Royal party drove to the Town Hall, where they lunched with the officers of the Gordon Highlanders. After luncheon came the business of the day. The Prince and Staff Officers rode to the ground on horseback, the Princess following in a carriage. The ceremony of trooping the colours was carried out after prayer had been offered. The battalion received the command to shoulder arms, and, the Princess having indicated her readiness to perform the ceremony of presenting the colours, the Queen's colour was handed to Her Royal Highness by Lieutenant-Colonel Keen. The Princess received the flag, and gracefully presented it to Lieutenant Kenrick, who, kneeling on his right knee, accepted it, as Senior Lieutenant, on behalf of the regiment. The Regimental Colour was, in like manner, handed to the Princess by Major Leith Hay, and Her Royal Highness gave it to the charge of Lieutenant Gordon, the second Senior Lieutenant, who also knelt as he received the flag from the hand of the Princess. Colonel Turner acknowledged the presentation on behalf of his regiment. The procession was then reformed, and the Royal party returned to the station.

OLD HOUSES, WYCH STREET

ARCHITECTURAL "relics" of Old London are rapidly being "improved" off the face of the earth. Almost daily we hear of propositions to demolish buildings that possess interest both for the antiquary and the artist—propositions which, unhappily, are too often carried into effect. One of the most recent acts of Vandalism is the destruction of that picturesque group of old houses in Wych Street, with their fifteenth-century gables, ostensibly because they were failing to decay, but in reality to afford a site for the erection of buildings possibly more useful, but certainly less beautiful. But this is a utilitarian age, and sentiment becomes a second consideration.

This group of houses which has just disappeared seemed to form a link between the past and present, for Wych Street and the immediate neighbourhood is rich in historical associations. The street in question still preserves a part of its ancient designation, for it originally formed a portion of the "Via de Aldwich," which was the old name of the lane that extended from the north side of the Strand to Broad Street, Bloomsbury. In the "good old times" scenes were often to be witnessed in this street of the most disgraceful and infamous description. Lyons Inn degenerated into a haunt for all kinds of loose characters, amongst whom were gamblers and swindlers. In White Lion Court, recently demolished, James Sheppard served his apprenticeship to Mr. Wood, a carpenter, and the name of that noted prison-breaker, carved by his own hand, might be seen on a beam in the workshop. Thomas Winter, a member of the Guy Fawkes conspiracy, confessed that the conspirators of the Gunpowder Plot of 1605 first met in Clement's Lane, behind the church, which abuts on the east end of Wych Street. It was from the Angel Inn in Wych Street that Bishop Hooper, in 1552, was taken to die for his faith at Gloucester. Contiguous to Wych Street is Newcastle Street, formerly known as Maypole Alley, because in 1713 a tall maypole stood there, round which, in holiday time, people used to dance. It was removed in 1718, and given to Sir Isaac Newton as a stand for his telescope. In Maypole Alley, Nan Clarges, Duchess of Albemarle, and wife of General Monk, was born.

SIR JOHN LUBBOCK, BART.

See page 275.

"FROM POST TO FINISH"

A NEW STORY by Captain Hawley Smart, illustrated by John Charlton and Arthur Hopkins, is continued on page 281.

THE CAREER OF A SLAVE GIRL

THESE sketches represent the adventures of a slave girl. She comes from Wooma, a frontier district of Abyssinia, where the people are mostly Christian, and the women possessed of remarkable beauty, their forms and features being very symmetrical, and their complexion little darker than that of a Spanish gypsy. In the first illustration she is represented, with other women of her tribe, drawing water from the river on the banks of which she lives. The next shows an Arab slave-hunter, who is travelling that way, reconnoitring her village from a distance, and calculating that its small size and secluded position will render it a safe place for him on which to make a raid. He further learns that the men leave home at night to hunt the hippopotami with poisoned spears, when those creatures abandon the shelter of the water to eat the fresh herbage on the river banks. Taking advantage of the men's absence, he attacks the village with an armed party, and carries off the women and children. Then we see the public slave market at Galahat, where she is sold to a retail dealer, and this represents a scene which Captain de Cosson, to whom we are indebted for these sketches, has himself witnessed. In the following sketch the slave caravan is making the long journey across the desert to the shores of the Red Sea, during which many of the poor creatures die from exhaustion and thirst. The next shows an Arab dhow smuggling the surviving slaves over to Jeddah; and then we see the interior of a slave merchant's house in that city, where the young girl is sold for a high price to a rich Turkish official. But the poor slave, separated for ever from her relatives, her home, religion, and freedom, is not happy in her gilded prison, and one morning the servants of the harem find that she has thrown herself from her lofty casement, and gained her liberty by the loss of her life. These pictures are not exaggerated. In a recent paper in the *Nineteenth Century* Captain de Cosson has already alluded to the incident of a slave girl who threw herself from her window rather than lead the degrading life of the harem; and, though it is difficult to imagine that such a state of things as he has represented actually exists in the present day, the picture, he tells us, is rather under than overdrawn.

A SWARM OF BEES

THIS is a sight calculated to rejoice the sight of the worthy cottager, who is sitting at his door so contentedly leaning upon his stick. The Queen bee of his hive, finding that a rival sovereign has been born who threatens her supremacy, has left her home in search of woods and pastures new, and, attended by some hundred or so of faithful followers, has swarmed upon the bough of a tree until she should fully make up her mind whither she shall bend her wings. Meanwhile her owner has prepared a tempting new hive, besmeared inside with the much-loved honey, and his children are endeavouring to dislodge the swarm from their resting-place and drive them towards their new abode by making the most unearthly "marrow-bone" music on frying-pans, tin kettles, and empty pails. If the bees cannot be induced to go into the hive, they may be at least driven to a more get-at-able resting-place, where some bold spirit, protected by a veil and thick gloves, may place the hive over them. It is a curious fact, however, that bees are much less apt to sting when swarming than at other times, and many persons have a swarm without either veil or gloves. Bees, however, are exceedingly capricious in their likes and dislikes, and will frequently, for no apparent reason, hold one inmate of a house in the most intense aversion, shown by their constant stings, while another member of the family will never be injured by them.



AT THE END OF THE YEAR the Marquis of Ripon is to be succeeded in the Viceroyalty of India by the Earl of Dufferin, who is expected to arrive in London from Constantinople next Wednesday. Two of the most important Embassies are thus vacant, that at Constantinople and that at Berlin. After the death of Lord Amphill hopes were entertained that Lord Dufferin would succeed him at the German capital.

ON MONDAY the *Pelican* left Woolwich for Alexandria with the first portion of the Nile boat-flotilla and the bulk of the stores and rations for it. A second portion will be despatched by the *Naranga* on Wednesday.

IN COMMUNICATIONS TO THE PRESS, based on personal knowledge of North Africa, the delay in despatching the Nile expedition, its plan, and its programme, are being severely commented on and criticised. Sir Samuel Baker points out that, had the Government made their arrangements earlier for a relief expedition, steamers and large vessels might have been sent from Cairo to Khartoum as easily as he sent a number of them in 1870, and recourse need not have been had to a flotilla of row-boats, exposed to the attacks of Arabs, and to other risks arising from the character of the channel of the Nile and the intense heat.

IN AN INTERVIEW with the representative of the *Pall Mall Gazette*, Mr. H. M. Stanley, who, it seems, has been consulted by the Government on some of the minor details of the expedition, gave it as his opinion that, instead of 900 boats, something like 3,000 ought to be furnished.—All the critics of the expedition agree that, the apparent policy of the Government being one of mere "rescue and retire," the execution of what seems to be the contemplated intention of abandoning Khartoum would be a fatal error. The preference given to the Nile route over that by Suakim to Berber is attributed to a faulty decision of the Government to leave Osman Digma to his own devices in prosecuting his investment of Suakim, and otherwise. "No sane person," Sir Samuel Baker writes, "would allow this state of affairs to continue, therefore a second expedition must be undertaken in the cool season of November, and Osman Digma must be stamped out."

AMONG THE PRINCIPAL LIBERAL DEMONSTRATIONS of the week in support of the Franchise Bill have been that at Glasgow, at which Mr. Trevelyan made a vigorous speech; that at Carlisle, addressed by Mr. John Morley; and those at Swansea and Halifax. To Conservative gatherings Lord Egmont at Midhurst, the Earl of Zetland near Marske, and Mr. Legh near Macclesfield threw open their parks.

MR. JOHN MORLEY at Carlisle expressed the hopes and wishes of a section of Advanced Liberals in his interpretation of Mr. Gladstone's somewhat ambiguous reference at Edinburgh to his future procedure, should the Lords again refuse in October to read the Franchise Bill a second time. Mr. Morley thought that in that event the Premier might advise a dissolution in January, but would then appeal to the constituencies, not only on the question of a reform of the House of Commons, but of Parliamentary reform in the widest sense of the expression, inclusive of what Mr. Morley called "a shortening of the arms and a clipping of the pinions of the Upper House."

THE CONSPICUOUS ABSENCE of any reference to Ireland in Mr. Trevelyan's speech at Glasgow has given rise to a rumour that the Irish Secretary is to be created a peer, and succeed Lord Carlisle as Privy Seal. Another and more likely report is that for Lord Rosebery is destined the honour of becoming what Lord Dufferin once styled the Lord Privy Seal, "the odd man of the Cabinet."

SIR RICHARD CROSS unveiled on Tuesday a statue of Lord Beaconsfield at Ormskirk, and at the subsequent evening banquet availed himself of the opportunity to draw a contrast between the foreign policy of the last and the present Prime Minister. The difference between them was that while Mr. Gladstone always speaks of our Imperial responsibilities as so great that the empire can hardly sustain them, Lord Beaconsfield, while acknowledging their magnitude, willingly accepted them, because he knew, what we feel, that empire was given us not only for our own benefit, but for the benefit of those people we rule. Referring to the Egyptian expedition, Sir Richard Cross found that when it arrived at Khartoum it would be too late. His remarks on the Franchise Bill controversy were emphatic, but added to it nothing new. On Wednesday, addressing a Conservative meeting at Kilmarnock, Sir Richard put in the reminder that it was not many years since Mr. Gladstone himself refused to vote for the extension of Household Suffrage to the counties, and still fewer still since Lord Hartington voted against it.

THE TRADES UNION CONGRESS at their meeting this week, for the first time at Aberdeen, were singularly honoured, the Lord Provost and Town Council having placed the Town Hall at their disposal, and given in their honour on Wednesday a banquet at which Lord Aberdeen was present and spoke. One of the meetings was attended by Lord Rosebery. Mr. Gladstone declined an invitation to address the Congress. In the annual report regret was expressed at the little progress made last Session with the Employers' Liability Amendment Bill, and the action of the ship-owners in procuring the withdrawal of Mr. Chamberlain's Merchant Shipping Bill was referred to with considerable asperity.—Mr. Thompson, the President, in his inaugural address, spoke of "productive co-partnership" as the remedy for what is unsatisfactory in those relations between employers and employed, which, he regretted, were as strained as ever. Mr. Joseph Arch moved a resolution in support of the Franchise Bill, which was carried, the feeling of the Congress seeming to be against a rider to it recommending the withdrawal of legislative power from the House of Lords. An amendment expressive of regret that a Redistribution Bill was not introduced along with a Franchise Bill was moved, but found no second.

THE VISITATION OF JUPITER PLUVIUS did not, after all, affect for the worse the street collection last Hospital Saturday. On the contrary, the amount collected in the open air, 1,900*l.*, exceeded by some 600*l.* that of last year. The largest separate sum received was at Fenchurch Street Railway Station, 28*l.* all but a few pence; the smallest was at the West End, where Lady Constance Howard, who presided over the collection at Apsley House, received only 6*l.* However, the hospital *fiat* at the Healthieries in July turns out to have realised 4,000*l.*, a cheque for which sum the Prince of Wales forwarded this week to the Lord Mayor.

ON SUNDAY, there were collisions between the Salvationists and their antagonists at Worthing and Brighton. At Worthing an assault was made on the house of the same Salvationist tradesman who was attacked on a previous occasion, and he fired a revolver several times from his window at the crowd, wounding one of them in the neck. Now that blood has been shed, it really seems time that something should be done when collisions between Salvationists and such bodies as the Worthing Skeletons are anticipated, to make simultaneous processions of both illegal, as in the case of the Irish Nationalists and Loyalists. That usually quiet watering-place, Worthing, is suffering considerable injury, and a requisition is being

extensively signed for a town's meeting to consider what should be done.

DURING HIS VISIT TO THE SOUTH OF IRELAND, Lord Spencer's reception has been frigid at the best, and sometimes decidedly disrespectful.

WITH THE CLOSE OF HARVEST OPERATIONS, the Nationalist meetings in Ireland are becoming more numerous, and the denunciations of the Irish Executive are more violent, if possible, than ever. At one of them, by way of complimenting Mr. Gladstone, Mr. O'Brien, M.P., said that he was the best of the cut-throats, and recommended the farmers to amuse themselves in hunting the landlords. The cruel mutilation and massacre of cattle on boycotted farms is being revived with fresh intensity, and a renewal of the old agrarian outrages is anticipated in the winter as a result of the unchecked violence of the Nationalist orators, priests included.

DURING THE CURRENT YEAR, the Royal National Lifeboat Institution has been the means of saving 475 lives from shipwreck, and of aiding in the rescue of nine vessels. In rewarding these services four silver medals and upwards of 3,000*l.* in money have been granted.

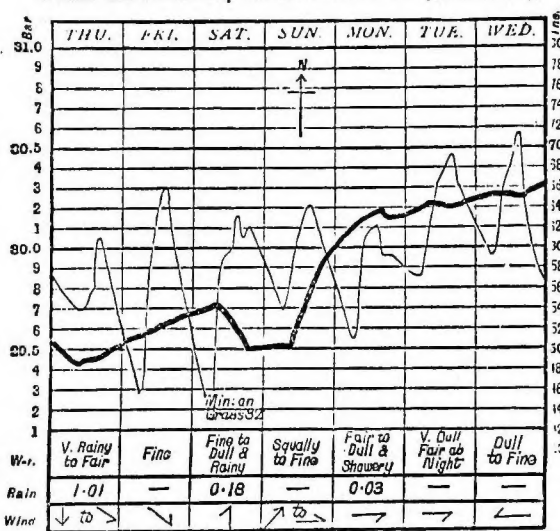
INTELLIGENCE HAS BEEN RECEIVED of the loss on Jackson's Head, Cook's Strait, New Zealand, of Mr. John Leslie's ship, the *Lastingham*, from London for Wellington, with a crew of about thirty and five passengers. The list of drowned comprised the captain and his wife, all the passengers, and ten of the crew.

ONE OF THE MOST FRIGHTFUL STORIES of suffering at sea, accompanied by cannibalism, is that of the captain and crew, consisting of the mate, another man, and a youth of nineteen, of the *Mignonette*, a yacht which they were engaged by its owner to take out from Southampton to Sydney. The yacht foundered in lat. 27° S. and long. 10° E., when they took refuge in a small and leaky dingy, with only 21bs. of tinned turnip to maintain life, and not a drop of fresh water. For eighteen days they had no other food than a solitary turtle, and on the nineteenth day the captain and mate, the seaman protesting, resolved to kill for food the youth Parker, who was lying exhausted in the bottom of the boat. On the flesh and blood of their victim, whom the captain slaughtered with a pen-knife, they subsisted for five days, but they did not fling his remains overboard, Captain Dudley resolving to confess all should they fall in with a vessel. On the twenty-fourth day after the foundering of the *Mignonette* they were picked up, looking like living skeletons, by the German barque *Montezuma*, after having sailed or drifted about 1,000 miles. On being landed at Falmouth they volunteered statements at the Custom House, with a result which is chronicled in our "Legal" column.

OUR OBITUARY records the death of the Dowager Lady Keane, widow (by her first marriage) of Lord Keane, the distinguished commander of the force which captured Ghuznee and occupied Cabul in 1839; of the Countess of Erne, in her eightieth year; of the Baroness Sempill, a Scotch peeress in her own right, at the advanced age of ninety; of Major-General F. Moore, late Captain Staff Officer of Pensioners, who distinguished himself at the capture of Mooltan, in 1848, aged sixty-seven; of Mr. J. H. Andrew, of the well-known Toledo Steel-works, Sheffield, in his sixty-first year; of Mr. W. H. Hornby, head of a well-known firm of Blackburn manufacturers, who represented that borough in the House of Commons from 1857 to 1869, in his eightieth year; of the Rev. H. Hughes, forty-eight years Rector of Layham, Suffolk, a living in the gift of St. John's College, Cambridge, of which he was formerly a Fellow and Tutor, at the age of eighty-seven; of the Rev. W. D. Veitch, formerly Chaplain to the Bishop of Jerusalem, and from 1862 to 1873 Vicar of St. Saviour's, Paddington, at the age of eighty-three; of the Rev. J. F. Richards, "Father" of the London Congregational Board, for more than thirty years Secretary of Hackney College, in his eighty-seventh year; of the Rev. John Morris, the oldest minister of the English Presbyterian Church, in his ninety-third year; of Mr. George Bentham, the distinguished cultivator of botanical science, who co-operated with Sir Joseph Hooker in the production of the great work, "Genera Plantarum," at the age of eighty-three; of Mr. Thomas Liddendale (very suddenly), for thirty years in the British Museum, and latterly a First Class Assistant in its Library, distinguished by his knowledge of Scandinavian philology and literature; and of Mr. William Russell, many years Accountant-General of the Court of Chancery, youngest son of the Lord William Russell who was murdered by his valet, Courvoisier, in his eighty-fifth year.

WEATHER CHART FOR THE WEEK

FROM SEPTEMBER 4 TO SEPTEMBER 10 (INCLUSIVE).



EXPLANATION.—The thick line shows the variations in the height of the barometer during the past week ending Wednesday midnight. The thin line shows the shade temperature for the same interval, and gives the maximum and minimum readings for each day, with the (approximate) time at which they occurred. The information is furnished to us by the Meteorological Office.

REMARKS.—The weather during the past week has been influenced by the passage of two very well marked depressions over our islands. The first of these travelled slowly in a north-easterly direction across France and the Netherlands on Thursday (4th inst.), and over the North Sea during Friday (5th inst.) and Saturday (6th inst.). As it skirted the south-east coast of England, rain fell in large quantities at some of the south-eastern stations, the total amount measured at Yarmouth for the forty-eight hours ending 8 A.M. on Friday (5th inst.) being as much as 2.6 inches. The second disturbance showed itself off the West of Ireland on Saturday night (6th inst.), and passed slowly across our islands, at first in an east-north-easterly direction, but finally took a south-easterly course, and disappeared over North Germany. During its transit some heavy falls of rain occurred in some places, and a fresh west to south-west gale was felt on our south-western and southern coasts. On Sunday last (7th inst.) a decided increase of pressure took place over the Bay of Biscay, and an anti-cyclone was formed over the West of France; this, however, had entirely disappeared by Wednesday morning (10th inst.), and a somewhat brisk fall of the barometer was in progress at the French stations. Over England pressure was steadily increasing, with light easterly and south-easterly winds, fair but somewhat misty weather, and rising temperature. The barometer was highest (30.30 inches) on Wednesday (10th inst.); lowest (29.43 inches) on Thursday (4th inst.); range, 0.87 inches. Temperature was highest (71°) on Wednesday (10th inst.); lowest (43°) on Saturday (6th inst.); range, 28°. Rain fell on three days. Total amount, 1.22 inches. Greatest fall on any one day, 1.01 inches on Thursday (4th inst.).



LARGE WATERSPOUTS were seen off the Isle of Wight last Friday week. Five were visible from Ventnor for nearly an hour about three miles out at sea.

AN INDIAN ART JOURNAL has been established by the Indian Government, intended mainly to illustrate and describe characteristic art industries which may be adapted by local craftsmen.

A NEW NATIONAL STAMP will shortly be added to the European postage. The tiny Principality of Monaco intends to establish its own special stamp, ornamented by the portrait of the reigning Prince, Charles III.

ARGUS, WITH HIS HUNDRED EYES, can no longer serve as the emblem of watchfulness. The mythological giant is altogether outdone by a mollusc lately discovered by Professor Moseley, which owns no fewer than 11,000 eyes.

A "COLD-WAVE FLAG" will be hoisted in future on American country post-offices to warn farmers of approaching cold and stormy weather. The flag will be white with a black centre, and will fly for twenty-four hours immediately the warning is received from the central observation station of the district.

PAPER DOORS are now used across the Atlantic. They are made of two thick paper boards firmly glued, moulded into panels, and then rolled through heavy rollers, finally receiving waterproof and fireproof coatings. These doors are said to be far more durable and weighty than wood, while they neither shrink nor warp.

A CURIOUS NOSE SHOW was lately held at Vienna—at least so says the *Paris Figaro*. A handsome prize was offered to the most remarkable nose as regards shape, colour, and size, and a Viennese gentleman was the lucky winner. No lady could be induced to compete. "Nasography," our lively contemporary further states, is now much studied, as the nose forms a sure index of the human character.

A NEW VOLCANIC ISLAND has appeared off Cape Reykjanes, at the south-west point of Iceland. It was first noticed at the end of July, after several earthquake shocks, but no one has yet landed on its shores, and part of the cone already appears to have given way. Such islands have repeatedly appeared in the same district since Iceland was first colonised, and at the end of last century a similar temporary formation was occupied by the Danes as "New Island," but it disappeared in less than a month.

A BALZAC BIOGRAPHICAL DICTIONARY is being compiled by two admirers of the French author, who give a succinct account of each character in the novels, as if the fictions were historical. Indeed, Balzac has greatly come into fashion again in Paris, and a small periodical, *Le Balzac*, has appeared, each article being signed by some pseudonym from the novelist's works. The "Thirteen" contributors each year visit Balzac's tomb on the anniversary of his death, and the object of their organ is to promote the erection of a statue in Balzac's native place, Tours.

ENGLISH FASHIONS IN DRESS are so widely adopted this year at French seaside and country resorts that the authorities in the Paris costume world grumble sorely at the Anglomaniac, and dread the loss of their supremacy. Tailor-made dresses, blue serge toilettes, embroidered with anchors, jerseys, and sailor hats are the invariable rule. Instead, however, of wearing the name of their yacht on their hat ribbons Gallic belles embroider their coat of arms and monograms round the crown. In their travelling hats they place a carrier pigeon wearing a tiny ivory tablet round its neck inscribed with the wearer's destination.

THE CHOLERA SCARE IN ITALY has brought to light some curious superstitions round Naples. Many of the ignorant peasantry firmly believe that the doctors and police are ordered by the Government to poison the people with "cholera powder." Lately an English physician established at Naples, who was geologising in the volcanic island of Ponza, forty miles from the mainland, was obliged to leave the island in a hurry, because the inhabitants declared that the little sacks he carried to hold specimens were full of this dreaded cholera powder. By the way, whilst sorely injuring tourist traffic in France, Italy, and some parts of Switzerland, the cholera has caused a perfect rush to the Rhine, which has not been so frequented for many years. Both the Rhenish steamers and railroads have reaped handsome profits, while further afield Sweden has received the largest number of foreign visitors yet known in the country.

MARSHAL VON MOLTKE is taking the waters at Ragatz, in Switzerland, where his well-known taciturnity sorely disconcerts curious bathers anxious for a chat with the famous German tactician. Von Moltke often goes to Ragatz, arriving suddenly, and taking the plainest bedroom he can find, as he hates luxury, and his luggage is almost microscopic. Rising early, he goes to the Quellenhof, and after his first glass of water walks up and down, watching the drinkers, adopting his favourite attitude of hands behind the back and the head slightly bent forward. Though eighty-four years of age, he walks capably, without even a stick, and with a firm, soldierly tread. He eats little, and rarely touches wine, but he occasionally drinks beer. After dinner he watches the dancing and amusements in the rooms of the Quellenhof with great interest, and goes home regularly to bed at 9 P.M.

LONDON MORTALITY again decreased last week, and 1,529 deaths were registered, against 1,542, a decline of 13, being 115 above the average, and at the rate of 19.9 per 1,000. These deaths included 178 from diarrhoea and dysentery (a fall of 31), 2 from choleraic diarrhoea and cholera (a decrease of 15), 11 from small-pox (a fall of 1), 16 from measles (a decline of 6), 18 from scarlet fever (a decrease of 6), 31 from diphtheria (a rise of 15), and exceeding the return of any week on record), 36 from whooping-cough (an increase of 14), 1 from typhus fever (a fall of 1), 20 from enteric fever (a decrease of 6), and 1 from an ill-defined form of fever. There were 2,574 births registered against 2,460 the previous week, being 73 below the average. The mean temperature of the air was 57.6 deg., and 2.2 deg. below the average. The duration of registered bright sunshine was 18.8 hours.

CONTINENTAL ART is awaking from summer dullness, and both the German and Belgian capitals have opened important Art Exhibitions. At Brussels the Triennial Salon shows a remarkable progress in the Belgian school of painting within the last few years. True, a considerable share of the 1,000 pictures and 400 drawings, engravings, and sculpture might have been excluded with advantage, but the majority of the exhibits are excellent. France is also well represented by some of her best painters, this being the first time for twenty-four years that foreign artists have been directly invited to contribute. The Berlin collection is nearly as large, but not so good, many of the most prominent Teutonic artists being absent. The chief attraction is a large painting, by Matejko, of Duke Albert of Prussia swearing fidelity to Sigismund I., which appeared at this year's Paris Salon. The exhibition, too, is wretchedly housed in a shabby wooden building, in an out-of-the-way part of Berlin. Now Paris intends to open another of those curious gatherings of absurdities, the Exhibition des Arts Incohérents, on October 15th.



ON BOARD AN EMIGRANT SHIP—THE BREAKFAST BELL



FRANCE AND CHINA.—Admiral Courbet has been resting on his laurels, while awaiting reinforcements from home, and has only indulged in a mild artillery duel off Kelung when reconnoitring the Chinese defences. The Chinese are equally inactive, but seem by no means disposed to conciliation, as six high officials belonging to the peace party have been dismissed, and all persons who advise yielding are threatened to be dealt with by the Board of Punishment. Although the Emperor has formally announced to his people that the two countries are at war, the Chinese Government has omitted to officially notify the declaration to foreign Powers. Thus the French can refit and coal in the neutral ports of the very country they are attacking. True, the Canton River has been closed, and the Chinese are blocking the Shanghai River at Woosung, leaving only a small neutral channel open. This anomalous state of affairs causes the greatest inconvenience to foreign residents, besides arousing popular feeling. Already native soldiers have attacked the foreign colony at the Pagoda anchorage, Foochow, pillaging the houses, while the British gunboat *Zephyr*, when proceeding down the Min River, was fired at in mistake for a French vessel. The Chinese Government promptly apologised, but two of the crew were hurt. Mysterious hints of fresh plans, however, are now freely given in France, particularly that graver measures will supersede the intended occupation of Formosa, and it is even stated that the Chambers will be summoned in consequence. This intention is attributed by the Radicals to the effect of the Extreme Left's letter to M. Grévy, as the President announced in reply that he had handed the document to M. Ferry, constitutional reserve preventing him from expressing his own opinion. Meanwhile, Admiral Courbet continues to be lauded to the skies, and the Government intend to make him a full Admiral—a rank which has not been conferred for many years. General Brière de l'Isle has replaced General Millot in command of the Tonquin forces, while the civil has been separated from the military side of the command, and handed over to the new French Minister at Hué, M. Lemaire. As yet the Chinese have not recommenced hostilities in Tonquin, but large forces are said to be on the borders, intending to march on Hung-Hoa and Bac-Ninh. Nevertheless, the French Government are anxious to attract colonists to their new acquisition, and, besides issuing roscate reports of the country's resources, offer assisted passages.

As usual after the first burst of popular enthusiasm over successes abroad, public opinion in FRANCE is beginning to take a calmer view, and to count the cost of the situation. Moderate thinkers, indeed, dread the effect of a protracted war, which may lead to no useful result, and may embroil France with other nations. Still, the French are none the less wroth with their neighbours for pointing out these truths, and the stream of abuse against England continues undiminished. Such topical organs as *L'Anti-Anglais*, which avows its object as "the promotion of a commercial war against England," and a pamphlet, *Sus à l'Angleterre*, indulge in the most violent and absurd accusations, and their effusions receive the more attention as there is little else stirring in political circles. Even the fourteenth anniversary of the Republic passed off with comparatively scanty notice beyond a few insignificant banquets; while the only other important item comes from Madagascar, where Admiral Miot has taken possession of Passandava Bay, on the north-west coast, which has been claimed by the French for the last forty years.

Happily, in the South of France the cholera is at last decidedly disappearing. Only a few deaths are now recorded daily at Marseilles and Toulon, although some villages, such as Raméze, &c., are still seriously affected. But the epidemic has transferred its full force to ITALY, and is raging at Naples with a virulence worthy of the plague in olden times. The dirt and crowded condition of the city render it a fitting hotbed for disease, and rich succumb as well as poor. During the twenty-four hours ending Wednesday afternoon 937 fresh cases and 375 deaths were recorded. The unreasoning superstition displayed by the poorer classes, who oppose medical attendance and being taken to the hospital for fear of poisoning with the "cholera powder," greatly increases the danger. Cases end most rapidly, guards being struck down and dying on their way in the train, while the distress is further complicated by the scarcity and the famine prices of food. The town seems panic-stricken, the only signs of life being the passing of the sick and the dead, who can scarcely be buried quick enough, and the number of religious processions calling on San Gennaro, the patron saint of Naples. Already 1,100 bodies have been buried in that part of the cemetery given up to cholera victims, while in several quarters neither doctors, medicines, nor stretchers are forthcoming, and the sick and dead have lain abandoned in the streets. The hospitals are so crowded that patients lie on the stairs, and some troops have given up their barracks. Still, every effort is being made by the authorities; provisions and money come from all parts, several Ministers are in the city, and King Humbert and his brother arrived on Monday. The King has shown the utmost courage and generosity, closely inspecting the hospitals and the poorer quarters. Although not reaching the same proportions as at Naples, the cholera is still very bad at Spezia, where the Syndic has died at his post, while the infection surely spreads over fresh districts. Two cases also are recorded at Rome. Many towns strive to bar out travellers from the affected regions, and constant riots occur, the scared inhabitants firing on trains and vessels trying to enter. It is difficult to gauge the true state of the case in SPAIN, as the local Governments persist in denying that cholera exists in their provinces. Still, it is pretty evident that numerous deaths have occurred round Alicante and Lerida, and the King has been at Madrid consulting on the state of the public health. As in Italy, the authorities promote absurd quarantine precautions, and many lazarettos are fairly choked, causing the utmost inconvenience. Now PORTUGAL takes fright, has postponed the International Postal Conference till February, and has framed fresh quarantine regulations.

Lords Wolsley and Northbrook, with Sir E. Baring, reached EGYPT on Tuesday, and met with a warm welcome from the natives both at Alexandria and Cairo. The Khédive received the English representatives next day, and the air is full of lengthy speculations on Lord Northbrook's mission, heightened by the latter's long interview with Count Kalnoky at Vienna. The Alexandria indemnities are asserted to have been the chief point of discussion, and it is declared that the English Government will submit two alternatives to the claimants—ready money, with a reduction of 25 per cent., or complete payments in instalments extending over ten years. Lord Wolsley will find the Nile Expedition well advanced, as the authorities have spared no efforts, urged on by the general and the freely expressed opinion that the expedition will start "too late." Certainly this verdict applies to the attempt to ascend the Cataracts, for the Nile falls rapidly, and the *Nassif Kheir* has been stopped at the Second Cataract on the way to Dongola, by the low water. Steamers and men are sorely wanted there, for Colonel Colville finds himself decidedly hampered by the Mudir, who takes possession of both boats and

troops for his own use. Once more, therefore, the Mudir's loyalty is questioned, while serious suspicions have arisen as to the authenticity of the late letters from General Gordon. It is pointed out, that as his Arabic despatches came freely, Gordon might have sent English letters; while, further, the signature corresponds less with his own autograph than with the impression of a seal which was being made for him at Cairo, and which may have fallen into the Mahdi's possession. At present it is hoped that the Nile Expedition will reach Khartoum on January 14th, returning to Dongola by the end of February. The Royal Sussex Regiment are being sent up to Dongola in nuggers, while the road thither from Merawi is secured by the submission of the Harawi tribe. It is believed that Osman Digma's supplies and followers dwindle simultaneously, and that his Hadendowa supporters have been seriously defeated by a friendly tribe. At all events, the rebels have ceased firing round Suakim, and further, the Mudir of Dongola reports that a large body of the Mahdi's troops have suffered a crushing defeat near Ambukol.

The Czar of RUSSIA's visit to Warsaw resembles more the progress of a hostile commander through a besieged city than that of a Sovereign among his loyal subjects. Most extraordinary precautions have been taken alike in the city and along the whole route from St. Petersburg, which was lined with 13,000 soldiers. Warsaw was rigidly searched, the householders forced to sign a declaration of their responsibility in case of disaster, and to submit loyal flags for inspection, shops were closed, and every one under the slightest suspicion was imprisoned. Plenty of official enthusiasm was shown when the Czar, Czarina, and their sons arrived, but the worth of the welcome can hardly be estimated from crowds either confined to their houses or kept back by troops. The Imperial party received the customary bread and salt, and went through a long programme including receptions, banquets, a review, a ball, &c. For many years no Czar has visited the Polish capital, and it is hoped that the innovation augurs well for the Poles.

Now Alexander III. goes to Skarnawice, the little town close to the German and Austrian frontiers, where the much-discussed meeting of the Three Emperors is expected to take place on Monday. The Emperor of AUSTRIA will certainly join the Czar, but it remains to be seen whether the Emperor of GERMANY's health, if nothing else prevents, will permit his presence. Certainly, Emperor William has postponed the Autumn Manœuvres, while Prince Bismarck comes to Berlin in readiness to attend his master, as the Premiers of each country will be present. The mass of comments inspired by the coming gathering may be generally summarised in the opinion that the meeting is a guarantee of peace. While many think that another Conference on Egyptian affairs may be the fruit, it is chiefly supposed that measures against anarchism will form the most prominent topic. Here Austria can speak with authority, as without the terrorism adopted in Russia the Viennese police are fast capturing the heads and material of the Socialist movement. The colonial question is another important subject between Germany and Austria, who have both paid much attention to Mr. Gladstone's friendly references in his Edinburgh speech. While Austria sends out a squadron to push her trade in the Australian and Eastern ports, with Consul Janiczek as pioneer, Germany announces with much triumph that the Imperial flag now flies over 120 miles of the south-west African coast above Angra Pequena to Cape Fro. A German African Commercial Association has been organised at Hamburg to promote colonisation, but meanwhile the British Consul-General on the West African coast has been protesting to Dr. Nachtigal against his annexations at the Cameroons, where one side of the river supports Germany, and the other still adheres to England. Indeed, according to report, the British have pulled down one of the German flags. Consul Hewett himself has got the start of the Germans by hoisting the British flag in the delta of the Niger, while not to be behindhand the French have occupied Porto Novo on the Gold Coast, which they have claimed for some years past. Yet another honour has been conferred on Prince Bismarck—the Order *pour le Mérite*, bestowed on the anniversary of Sedan.

In INDIA the event of the day is Lord Dufferin's appointment as Viceroy in the place of Lord Ripon. The new Viceroy is expected in Calcutta by December. Meanwhile the choice of the route for the Afghan Commission continues to give much trouble. Though the members start from Quetta next Monday, it has not yet been decided what road shall be followed beyond the Helmund, nor whether the whole of the escort can be taken through the desert beyond Nushki. Captain Maitland is now examining the roads between Nushki and the Helmund, where, as the expedition will muster quite 1,000 souls, all supplies, and even water for some stages, must be carried for the 200 miles of intervening desert. The Ameer has provided supplies at several points, and besides sending a trustworthy follower, Kazi Saaduddin, to accompany the Commission, has issued a proclamation that Englishmen are going to travel through Afghanistan, and that he will severely punish any one who molests them. Another Commission—to study Calcutta sanitation—also begins work next week, and its necessity is very plainly shown by the late report of the health officer. In one of the most crowded districts of the city—Jorabagan—with a population of 148 to the acre, many houses are without drains at all, while in others the drainage is in a fearful condition, the atmosphere being terribly contaminated.

Considerable regret is felt in the UNITED STATES at the loss of the Secretary to the Treasury, Mr. Folger, whose death was hastened by overwork. During the late monetary crisis, his judicious conduct gained him much popularity. Financial circles have had another shock in the stoppage of the National Bank of New Jersey at New Brunswick, through the frauds of the cashier, who asphyxiated himself. Subsequently the Bank President committed suicide, and a depositor followed suit. A vast fire has occurred at Cleveland, Ohio, where, through some boys playing with matches, three miles of timber flats were fired, and 17,000 workmen thrown out of work. The various State elections are now being held, and the Republicans have carried Maine, Mr. Blaine's State, securing a large increase over former elections. But the Republican ticket here included the prohibition of manufacturing and selling liquors—a restriction which will cost Mr. Blaine most of the German votes. On the other hand, Governor Cleveland's chances of the Presidency are greatly improved by the New York Tammany Hall Democrats at last deciding to support his nomination. Their decision now makes the New York vote compact. Many members of the British Association have been attending the meetings of the American Association for the Advancement of Science, at Philadelphia, and have been as cordially entertained by receptions, banquets, and pleasant excursions as in CANADA, where their visit has been an unqualified success. Altogether over 600 members crossed the ocean to attend, and a free public library will be erected in Montreal as a memento of the visit.

Amongst MISCELLANEOUS ITEMS the strife in Belgium between Clericals and Liberals over the new Education Bill steadily waxes hotter, and produced a serious riot in Brussels on Sunday. With a view to counteract last week's Liberal demonstration, a large Clerical procession paraded the streets, but the Liberals fell upon their opponents, destroyed flags and banners, and broke up the procession, 100 persons being injured in the struggle. The whole town was in an uproar, and the railway stations had to be guarded by troops, while the excitement extended to Antwerp and other

provincial towns, where the crowd mobbed the stations to hoot the Clerical arrivals. — In AUSTRIA the first goods train passed through the Arlberg Railway from Landeck to Bludenz on Saturday. — SOUTH AUSTRIA has declared in favour of a Federal Council, making the fifth out of the seven Australasian colonies which have supported the suggestions of the Sydney Convention. — In SOUTH AFRICA Mr. Joubert has accepted the Presidency of the new Boer Republic in Zululand, which has certainly feathered its nest well, considering that the Boers have obtained possession of some 800 farms, or 5,000,000 acres, to which they have no right whatever. Nothing has been heard of Mr. Rhodes, who went to Bechuanaland as Special Commissioner, and much anxiety prevails. The late Bishop Colenso's property at Bishopthorpe has been destroyed by a large grass fire, most of the library being lost. — In ACHEN there seems at last some hope of the unhappy *Nisero* crew being released. The Rajah of Tenom professes himself ready to comply with the British and Dutch ultimatum if allowed a few days for consideration.



THE Royal party in the Highlands are making frequent excursions round Balmoral. Thus the Crown Princess of Germany and her daughter drove to Alt-na-Guithasach last week with the Prince and Princess of Wales; and on Saturday the Princesses, with Princess Beatrice, ascended Lochnagar by the Valley of the Gelder, the Queen meeting them at the Glassalt Shiel on their return. On Monday the Crown Princess, with the Princess Beatrice and the three young Princesses of Wales, went to the Falls of Quoich and Lord Fife's Lodge at Derry, where they lunched, and returned by the Inverys and Glenclunie. Meanwhile, Mr., Mrs., and Miss Gladstone lunched with Her Majesty and the Royal party; while in the afternoon the Queen drove through Braemar with the Princess of Wales, and home round the Lion's Face, joining the Princesses at the Danzig Shiel. Mr. Gladstone subsequently joined the Royal party at dinner, and stayed the night at Balmoral to attend the Council held by Her Majesty on Tuesday, and later dined again with the Queen, in company with Lord Fife. Her Majesty has also visited the Duchess of Edinburgh at Birkhall, and the Duchess and her daughters have several times lunched at Balmoral. The German Crown Princess and Princess Victoria leave for Germany at the end of this week.

The Prince and Princess of Wales and their family, accompanied by the Duchess of Edinburgh, were present at the Braemar Gathering last week, and watched the games for over three hours. The Prince left Aberfeldie on Saturday with Prince George, Prince Albert Victor accompanying them to Ballater, and reached Marlborough House early on Sunday morning. Subsequently the Princes attended Divine Service; and on Monday the Prince of Wales accompanied his younger son to Greenwich Naval College, where Prince George will study for a short time. On returning to town the Prince of Wales was visited by the Duke of Edinburgh. He left again on Tuesday to attend Doncaster races, staying with Mr. Christopher Sykes at Brantingham Thorpe, and was expected yesterday (Friday) at Dupplin Castle, near Perth, to stay with Lord and Lady Dudley. On Monday he will rejoin the Princess and family at Aberfeldie, where they remain until the second week in October.

The Duke of Edinburgh left Ireland with the Channel Squadron at the close of last week, after spending a short time at Queenstown, where he received an address, and lunched with the Royal Cork Yacht Club. The Duke, with a portion of the Squadron, arrived at Spithead early on Sunday morning, and visited the Port Admiral during the day; while on Monday he struck his flag as Commander, and left with his son for town, on his way to join the Duchess and daughters in Scotland. He has become a Life Governor of the Royal Agricultural Society. — The Duke and Duchess of Connaught will make a tour in Cashmere next month. — After visiting their relatives at Primkenau, Silesia, for the festivities celebrating the majority of young Duke Günther of Augustenburg, Prince and Princess Christian have been at Berlin, staying with the Hereditary Princess of Saxe-Meiningen, and the Princess returned to London on Tuesday. — The Duchess of Albany personally stood sponsor recently to the infant daughter of Dr. Royle, who was the late Duke of Albany's constant medical attendant. The Queen is also godmother to the infant. — The ex-Empress Eugénie has gone to the Bonaparte family home, Arenenberg, on Lake Constance. — The Crown Prince of Sweden will shortly join the Crown Princess at Eastbourne, where the Princess takes great interest in the local institutions, having visited the hospital. — Princess William of Prussia has quite recovered from her attack of scarlet fever.



RIPON KEPT HOLIDAY ON TUESDAY, when numbers of the clergy and laity of the Diocese flocked to it on the occasion of the enthronement of the new Bishop, which took place with the usual ceremonial in the Cathedral. An offertory was made for the Wakefield Bishopric Fund. — A Memorial Window to Bishop Carpenter's two predecessors in the See is to be erected in Ripon Cathedral.

THE ARCHDEACONRY OF LONDON, with a Canonry in St. Paul's Cathedral, has been conferred on the Rev. Dr. Gifford, Rector of Much Hadham, Examining Chaplain to the Bishop of London. Dr. Gifford was formerly Head Master of King Edward the Sixth's Grammar School, Birmingham (which gave Manchester its first Bishop), and contributed to "The Speaker's Bible" the commentary on the Epistle to the Romans. His views are said to be those of "an old-fashioned High Churchman."

THE VACANT CANONRY in Gloucester Cathedral has, it is said, been offered to and accepted by the Rev. M. St. John, Vicar of Kempford, and heir to the Bolingbroke peerage as first cousin of the present Viscount Bolingbroke, who is unmarried. As we have had a Rev. Earl Nelson, so we may have what would sound still more strangely—a Rev. Lord Bolingbroke.

THE MEETING OF THE EVANGELICAL ALLIANCE at Copenhagen has been very successful. The King and Queen of Denmark, with the King and Queen of Greece, attended the first evening meeting of the Conference. The chair was taken by Sir William M. Arthur, M.P., who in the course of his address referred very appropriately to the fact that when Dr. Carey went out to India, a hundred years ago, on his Evangelistic mission, he was not allowed to sail in an English vessel, but landed under the protection of the Danish flag at Serampore. There, opposed and threatened by the Indian Government, but protected by that of Denmark, he translated the Bible, and established a mission which had been productive of great results.

AT THE CLOSING MEETING OF THE CONFERENCE the Rev. Prebendary Anderson, of London, delivered an address of farewell on the part of the English members, in which he referred to the old connection between England and Scandinavia. "The conquest by the Northmen," he said, "was the making of England," and loud applause greeted his subsequent statement that their latest conquest was accomplished "when the daughter of Denmark won the hearts of the English people."

THE OPENING OF MUSEUMS, PICTURE GALLERIES, &c., to the public on Sundays is to be discussed at the Oxford Diocesan Conference at the beginning of next month, when a resolution affirming its desirability, and that of increasing opportunities of Sunday recreation in general, will be moved by Dr. Phillimore, Chancellor of the Diocese of Lincoln.

THE RECURRENCE OF THE ANNIVERSARY OF AUGUSTE COMTE'S DEATH has been celebrated by the two sections of English Positivists, for small, very small as this body is, it has already broken up into two, which are at variance with each other. The leader of one of them, Mr. Frederic Harrison, merely delivered an address: the leader of the other, Mr. William Congreve, formerly a clergyman of the Church of England, conducted a service. The following is reported as the text of the closing "Benediction":—"The peace of her slowly-dawning kingdom be upon you; the blessing of Humanity abide with you, now and for ever."

IN OR ABOUT 1608 one of the windows of St. Mary's, the ancient parish church of Lambeth, was made to represent a pedlar, staff in hand and pack on shoulders, accompanied by a dog. There has ever since been a tradition that a pedlar left some ground between what are now Waterloo and Westminster Bridges to the parish of Lambeth, on the condition that he and his dog should be thus portrayed in St. Mary's. The ground, which was then worth four shillings a year, now brings the parish 1,000l. a year, and is known as Pedlar's Acre; nor have searches in parochial documents either proved or disproved the truth of the tradition, the only fact established being that the land was bequeathed by some person unknown. In 1703, according to Tanswell's "History and Antiquities of Lambeth," a new window, with the pedlar and his dog, was substituted for the old one, and in "Old and New London," the publication of which was completed in 1874, this window is spoken of as "till lately visible" in the church, from which it would, of course, be inferred that at that date it had disappeared. However, a correspondent of a morning contemporary has this week written to say that the removal, or a removal, has been consummated quite recently, and then to make room for a memorial window to the widows of a local doctor and a clerk to the churchwardens. If so the incident is to be regretted.

SIR JOHN LUBBOCK, BART., M.P., F.R.S.

THE old adage which tells us that "a Jack of all trades is master of none" is found, like many respectable old sayings, to be occasionally sadly at fault. We can many of us point to instances in which one individual has made himself master of many widely different pursuits, and has outshone in each "groovey" men who have devoted themselves to one hobby alone. Such a one is Sir John Lubbock, who has won distinction as financier, naturalist, archaeologist, writer, and politician.

The generation which lived before railway and telegraph times would have scoffed at the idea of one man having such different aims. "What sort of harmony," they would ask, "could there be between a Member of Parliament and such things as ants, bees, and wasps?" And "How could banking be satisfactorily allied with the study of British wild flowers, or such vague shadows as the men of pre-historic times?" Even if it were urged that such subjects merely formed the occupation of leisure hours, the excuse would not be held sufficient. For the old idea of leisure and rest was simple idleness. Whereas, the genuine rest for an active brain is change, and thorough change, of ideas. This is probably the secret by which Sir John Lubbock is able to get through the work of three ordinary men,—a secret which he unconsciously bore witness to on a certain occasion when the Education Budget was under consideration in the House of Commons. He then gave it as his opinion, and it is of interest now when the subject of over-pressure in schools is constantly before us, that monotony and not overwork was the real weakness of the present system. The remedy was to introduce greater variety into the elementary course. It is this variety which is the keynote both of Sir John's success and of his popularity. It is easy enough for some men to get notorious, if not famous, by a hobby, mania, or trick of speech, but after all they are only so to a certain class. But he who can discourse pleasantly on a great variety of subjects which he has made his own, and more particularly upon the diverse themes comprehended under such a popular branch of science as entomology, enlists a very large constituency under his banner.

At first it was only the scientific men who knew by strikingly original observations brought before the different Societies that there was a keen worker among them. By and by these observations, opening up as they did so much fresh and interesting ground, and detailing such ingenious methods of inquiry, came to be commented upon in the daily press. At length the valuable matter hitherto scattered through "Proceedings" of various learned Societies, and quite inaccessible to the general public, was gathered together into such works as "Prehistoric Times" and "The Origin of Civilisation." These books, which speedily ran through several editions, have now a European celebrity, for they have been translated into French, German, Danish, Dutch, Italian, Russian, Hungarian, and Swedish; besides which more than one edition has been issued in America. In this gradual way has the world of letters been enriched by the results of many years' patient labour. The influence of Darwin, whose friend and pupil the author was, is distinctly traceable in the minute care and extraordinary patience exhibited in the experiments detailed in Sir John Lubbock's well known entomological works, and more especially in his last book on "Ants, Bees, and Wasps." Here we find no theory taken for granted, but everything sifted afresh.

Sir John Lubbock was born in the year 1834, being the son of Sir John William Lubbock, well known as an astronomer and mathematician, and for many years Treasurer and Vice-President of the Royal Society, but better known in the commercial world as the head of the long-established banking house, which before its union with that of Messrs. Roberts stood in St. Mildred's Court, opposite the Mansion House. He was educated at Eton, but was early called away to City life. In process of time he introduced several noteworthy reforms which have long ago been accepted as boons by the banking community. Of these we may mention the "Country Clearing" system and the publication of Clearing House returns. His reputation as an authority on finance led to his being chosen as the Honorary Secretary to the Association of London Bankers, and first President of the Institute of Bankers. But Sir John Lubbock has won many other honorary distinctions. He is Vice-President of the Royal Society, President of the Linnean Society, Oxford Doctor of Civil Law, LL.D. of Dublin, Cambridge, and Edinburgh, M.D. of Wurtzburg, Fellow of all the important learned societies here, and of several abroad. He has been twice elected Member of Parliament for Maidstone, and at present he is Member for the University of London.

Of Sir John Lubbock's political services we need say but little, for what he has done is still fresh in the minds of all. No fewer than fifteen useful measures introduced by him have become law.

Of these the Bank Holiday Act is naturally the best known, for it affects many millions of toilers. Ostensibly for the benefit of bankers' clerks, Sir John Lubbock always believed that it would be generally adopted, and, in fact, its provisions have been extended by common consent to the humblest in the realm. And although the peace-loving dwellers at Blackheath, Hamstead, and other favourite spots on the outskirts of the big city may dislike the recurring invasion of hordes of holiday folk, and may as often wish the "Festival of St. Lubbock" expunged from the calendar, they should remember that such days bring delight to thousands, and that the sight of green fields and trees may have a civilising influence on those whose behaviour is certainly sometimes open to improvement.

T. C. II.



WORCESTER FESTIVAL.—The Worcester Festival is in progress this week under exceedingly satisfactory conditions. The element of worship is still preserved, the oratorios being prefaced by a brief special service of prayer, and this, combined with the reverential behaviour of the congregation, and the surroundings of the venerable Cathedral, causes the performances to resemble religious ceremonies rather than public concerts, and consequently enhances their impressiveness. The opening service in the Cathedral passed off on the whole admirably. The "Hymn to the Creator," by Dr. J. F. Bridge, which commenced the service, is, we believe, the first Festival effort of the Westminster Abbey organist, and its chief defect is its undue modesty. Dr. Bridge is capable of higher things, but in the motet he has written to the quaint hymn of St. Francis of Assisi he seems to be only just feeling his musical feet. The first verse of the hymn is set as a four-part chorus, but as the brief work progresses a soprano solo (sung by Mrs. Glover Eaton) is introduced, accompanied by the chorus, until at last the first part is resumed. Saturday and Monday having been devoted to rehearsals, the Festival proper began on Tuesday, when, before a splendid congregation, well nigh filling every seat in the building, the *Redemption* was given. Within the walls of the old, though recently renovated Cathedral, M. Gounod's sacred masterpiece produced an exceedingly impressive effect. Mr. W. Done, who has conducted these Triennial Festivals nearly forty years, did not on this occasion command that excellence of performance which is attained at Birmingham and elsewhere. The oratorio at Worcester lacked the majesty which larger forces obtain for it, but Mesdames Albani and Patey, Messrs. Lloyd and Santley, have rarely sung better. A special effect was also gained in the chorus "Unfold, ye portals everlasting," which concludes the second part, by placing the angelic choir of boys in the triforium. The programme of the first public concert on Tuesday evening was a miscellaneous one, including the first movement of the Beethoven violin concerto, played by Mr. Carrodus, and songs sung by Mrs. Hutchinson, Madame Enriquez, Messrs. Lloyd and Santley. The novelty was the new cantata, *Hero and Leander*, the original libretto founded by that clever librettist and song-writer, Mr. F. E. Weatherly, upon the well-known legend, and the music by Mr. C. Harford Lloyd. The cantata is a comparatively mild work. The composer evinces little or no individuality, and has attempted still less development. To the dramatic demands of so interesting a subject neither the librettist nor the musician has found himself equal. The first section of the work is eminently agreeable. Leander comes with the worshippers to Sestos, and falls in love with the Priestess Hero. In the processional music and the soprano hymn to Adonis (admirably sung by Miss Anna Williams) it is asserted that the so-called Lydian mode has been imitated in order to give an ancient Greek character to the hymn. The love duet is feeble, and still weaker is the scene in which Leander, after hailing Hero's guiding torch, plunges into the Hellespont. Granting that Mr. Weatherly's lines are graceful, and even poetical, we claim that they are incomprehensible without a previous knowledge of the subject which no author of a "dramatic" cantata has a right to assume should be possessed by a mixed audience. The music is, however, so unpretentious, and so void of difficulty, that the cantata, which only demands the services of two solo vocalists, will probably become popular. The audience was miserably small, amounting only to 606 people. On Wednesday Cherubini's great Mass in D minor was given before an audience of 1,400. It has within the past two or three years been performed by the Bach and by Mr. Prout's Choirs. At Worcester it sorely lacked the spur which a more active conductor would have applied to accelerate the *tempi*, which often dragged to an exasperating extent. Bach's Whitsuntide cantata was chiefly notable because it included the beautiful melody which Madame Christine Nilsson has made popular under the title, "My Heart Ever Faithful." Madame Albani sang the song so admirably that her admirers could only regret at the end an interpolation, the blame of which must not be laid on Bach. Spohr's "Christian Prayer" ("Vater Unser"), now a novelty, is in the most characteristic style of this composer; while almost the latest effort of Schubert's genius, *Alirani's Song*, was saved from something like disaster by Miss Anna Williams, who joyfully followed by band and chorus) took the responsibility of hastening the time even at the risk of finding Mr. Done beating merely to the wind. On Wednesday evening *Elijah* was performed, Mesdames Albani, Patey, and Enriquez, Miss Anna Williams, and Mr. Lloyd being the chief artists, and Mr. Santley, of course, singing the music of the Prophet. The rest of the Festival performances cannot be dealt with now. They were announced to include, on Thursday morning, Dvorák's *Stabat Mater*, conducted by the composer, who has been present at the Festival during the week, and the first part of *St. Paul*, and in the evening the second act of Gluck's *Orpheus* and Dvorák's symphony in D, the Festival concluding on Friday with the *Messiah* and a special service.

OPERATIC MATTERS.—There is little fresh news. Mr. J. II. Mapleson is at Aix-les-Bains, having completed his preparations to open an opera season at New York, on November 10th, with Madame Patti.—Madame Albani will, it is stated, go to America after Christmas for a concert tour under M. Lavine. Notwithstanding rumours no steps have yet been taken for next year's season of the Royal Italian Opera.

NORWICH FESTIVAL.—The full programme of the Norwich Festival, which will take place October 14—17, has now been issued. There will be an orchestra of sixty-nine, led by Mr. Carrodus, and a chorus of about 300, the whole conducted by Mr. Alberto Randegger. *Elijah* will begin the Festival on the evening of the 14th. On the morning of the 15th, *Redemption* will be performed; and in the evening a miscellaneous programme will include Dr. Villiers Stanford's new setting of Walt Whitman's elegiac ode, "Come, lovely and soothing Death," and Mr. Wingham's concert overture in F. On the morning of the 16th will be produced Mr. Mackenzie's new oratorio, the text founded by Mr. Bennett on "The Song of Solomon." There will be a miscellaneous concert on the evening of the 16th; *Messiah* will be performed on the 17th; and the Festival will conclude in the evening with Mendelssohn's

Walpurgis Night, and some humorous music, including Rossini's *Petite Polka Chinoise* and Haydn's *Ox minuet*.

NOTES AND NEWS.—There is a report that the King of Bavaria having withdrawn his subvention there will be no performances at Bayreuth next year.—The prospectus of the Glasgow concerts to be given between December 9th and February 14th, under Mr. Manns, has been issued. *Messiah*, *Elijah*, *Israel*, and Berlioz's *Messe des Morts* will be performed, and there will be a special Mendelssohn concert on the bicentenary of Handel's birth. Among the artists engaged are Mesdames Valleria, Hauck, Essipoff, and Patey; Misses A. Williams, Thudichum, McKenzie, Ehrenberg, Samuel, and Harkness; Messrs. Lloyd, Maas, Ludwig, Brereton, Marsick, Rummel, and Barth.—Mr. Joseph Kerfoot, for forty-five years organist of the parish church, Leigh, died last week. The deceased had been blind from his birth.—The Michaelmas term at our three great music schools, the Royal Academy of Music, Royal College, and Guildhall School of Music, will commence on Monday next.—The Welsh Eisteddfod will be held at Liverpool September 15—20. Concerts will be given every evening, and the programme will include Dr. Joseph Parry's new oratorio, *Nebuchadnezzar*, besides *Elijah* and *Israel in Egypt*.



II.

MR. FREDERIC HARRISON, in the *Nineteenth Century*, defends himself in what we take to be a vigorous and successful fashion against the attacks made upon him recently by Mr. Herbert Spencer and Sir James Stephen. To give a thorough synopsis of "Agnostic Metaphysics" in the space at our disposal is impossible; but two quotations will serve to show that Mr. Harrison has been roused to something like righteous indignation. First, with regard to Mr. Spencer, he says: "For this reason I shall not trouble myself about the 'eccentricities' which he thinks he can discover in the writings of Comte. A thousand eccentricities in Comte would not make it reasonable in Spencer to worship the Unknowable; and it would be hard indeed to match the eccentricity of venerating as the sole Reality that of which we only know that we can know nothing and imagine nothing. But there are other good reasons for declining to discuss with Mr. Spencer the writings of Comte. The first is that he knows nothing whatever about them. To Mr. Spencer the writings of Comte are, if not the Absolute Unknowable, at any rate the Absolute Unknown." Again, with reference to Sir James Stephen and Mr. Spencer, he remarks, "Why this is the raving of Timon of Athens! These men are not cynics, but merely philosophers attacking an opponent. To my mind all this is sheer nonsense. Men known to be generous and self-devoted in every duty of social life are not believed when they utter tirades of this kind against mankind and human nature." Yet Mr. Harrison, for all his controversial asperity, does explain clearly in this paper what he means by the Religion of Humanity.—"Imperial Federation: Its Impossibility," is an article by Lord Norton. His lordship ridicules the Conference held at the end of July, on the ground mainly that it dealt with abstractions and sentiment, while practical proposals of any kind were wanting. "Lord Rosebery said: 'They had now put their hands to the plough, and were not likely to look back.' But his plough had no handle to look back from." This sort of satire is easy. If the English race is resolved on a closer corporate union, the means to it will somehow be found.

Professor Goldwin Smith gives an interesting opening paper in the *Contemporary* on "The Conflict with the Lords." He is of opinion that our old Constitution is rapidly breaking up, and that next to nothing has been done to establish a new one. "A Government," he says, "must now be founded, if the nation is to be secured against anarchy; and it will not be founded—the work of founding it will only be made more difficult—by blind extensions of the franchise. . . . it is into unorganised and unregulated democracy that England, by the conflict of parties, is being drawn."—In "The 'Purgatorio' of Dante," the Dean of Wells finds the autobiography of the great Italian epic poet, and he illustrates the narrative by copious citations from the poem. The "Purgatorio," he thinks, "takes its place, in spite of all differences of form and character, side by side with the 'Confessions' of Augustine."—The Rev. H. R. Haweis gives a great deal of valuable information about "The Late Duke of Wellington" and his father.

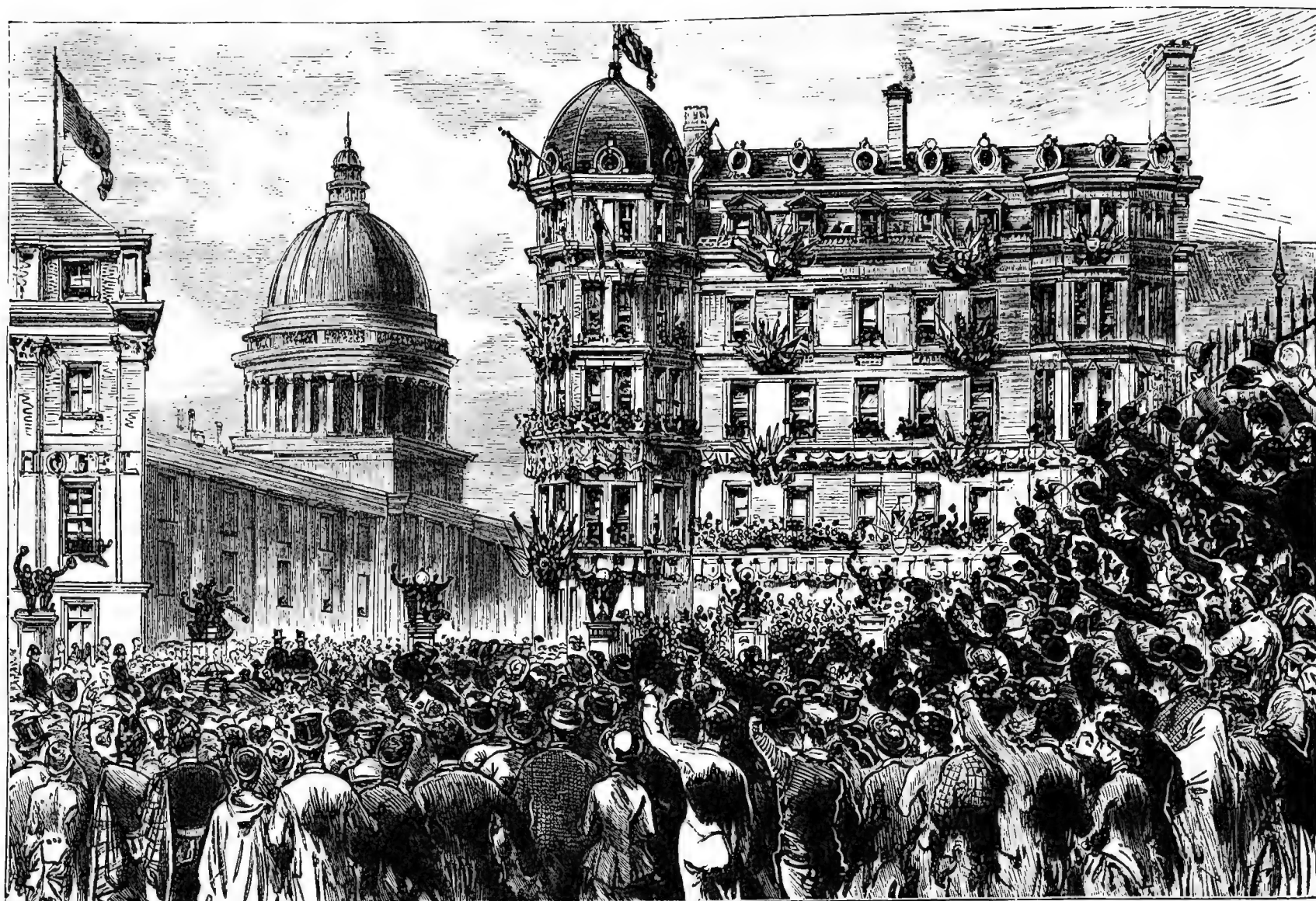
To the *National Review* the Earl of Dunraven contributes a paper on "Democracy and the House of Lords." In the main, his argument would prove that the only constitutional course is to submit the Redistribution Bill at once to Parliament, or to appeal to the people. The Lords are here upholding popular rights, and protecting against the demagogue the democracy, whose real views the bye-elections may be held to have demonstrated.—Mr. Alfred Austin, in "The Forest of Arden," provides us with a pleasantly written critique and descriptive account of the recent open-air rendering of *As You Like It* at Coombe House. Something of course was lost by the omission of all except the forest scenes; but then these forest scenes "divorced from the air of heaven, and transported to the conventional and artificial stage, lose their intrinsic charm, their real magic." On the whole, Mr. Austin regards the representation as eminently successful, and doing credit to those to whose enterprise and originality it was due.

It can scarcely be said of Canon Creighton's "The Northumbrian Border," in *Alamogilla*, that it is a brilliantly executed historical sketch; but he does give us in more or less clear arrangement the result of the most recent historical investigation into the romantic story of the Scotch and English borderland, and traces the happy development of the policy which made of the descendants of the wild moss-troopers a peaceful, yet sturdy peasantry.—"El Plagio" is a striking story of kidnapping in Mexico, true to the life, as life was not long ago in the Hispano-Aztec Republic.—As to "Mitchellhurst Place," it is a disappointment, and gives every promise of remaining hopelessly dull.

Mr. Charles E. Pascoe contributes to the *Atlantic Monthly* a readable article, "The Story of the English Magazines," containing much information interesting to the outside public. Mr. Pascoe inclines to the opinion that just as the old Quarterly Reviews are declining before their formidable monthly rivals so the old-fashioned magazine will give place to those which are illustrated.—Mr. Francis Parkman's "Wolfe on the Plains of Abraham" is a capital historical paper on the campaign which gained Canada for England.

The *Journal of Education*, undoubtedly the foremost organ of the professional teaching class, contains this month a variety of useful matter; but Mr. F. Storr's "Modern Language Teaching and Modern Language Teachers" is especially important. He proves the necessity for having Englishmen to teach modern languages, and also the value of French and German compositions as a mental training, and contends that "a study of modern languages may have as high an educative value as a study of classics." There can be no doubt about the value to thoroughgoing schoolmasters of the *Journal of Education*.

The frontispiece of the *Portfolio* is a novelty. It is a "Study of a Female Head in Red Chalk," by P. Rajon, who for some time has been forced by ill-health to lay aside etching. Mr. Lucien Gautier appears for the first time in this magazine with an etching,



MR. GLADSTONE'S ARRIVAL AT EDINBURGH

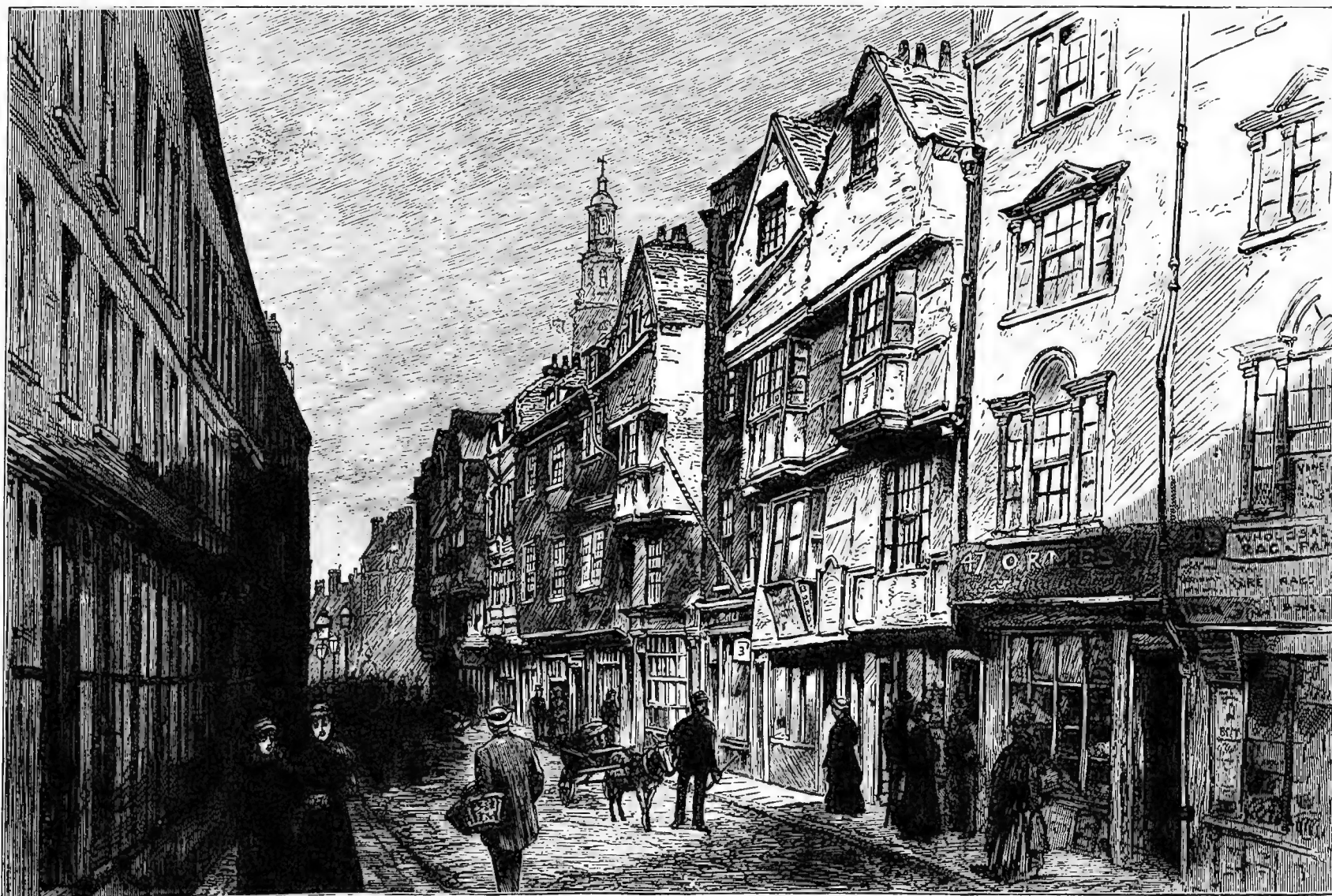


THE PREMIER ADDRESSING THE GREAT MEETING IN THE CORN EXCHANGE

MR. GLADSTONE'S SECOND MIDLOTHIAN CAMPAIGN



THE PRINCE AND PRINCESS OF WALES PRESENTING NEW COLOURS TO THE GORDON HIGHLANDERS AT ABERDEEN



OLD HOUSES IN WYCH STREET, LONDON, RECENTLY DEMOLISHED

"A Venetian Canal." M. Gautier is a well-known contributor to *L'Art*. "A Venetian Canal" is artistically good, and follows faithfully the homely details of Nature. The names of Miss Cartwright and Mr. Udny are guarantees that the letterpress is excellent.

The novel, "A Perilous Secret," completed by Charles Reade just before his death, begins in this month's *Temple Bar*. It is too early yet to speak of the plot of the story, though good promise is given. The style, as might be expected, is short, crisp, abrupt. There is also an unsigned paper on "Ralph Bernal Osborne." The writer tells us much that is interesting; but, on the whole, he does not heighten our estimation of the wit for which the subject of his article was famous.

The *English Illustrated Magazine* is, of course, a marvellous six-pennyworth. Although much has recently been told of historical and contemporary London, there is freshness in Mr. Austin Dobson's "Tour of Covent Garden," which is excellently written and charmingly illustrated. To admirers of German peasant life, we commend Miss Hullah's pretty and graceful tale, "Friede, A Village Story."

Of very great profit to novelists, present and to come, will be found "The Art of Fiction," by Mr. Henry James, in *Longmans*. The author joins issue with the views lately expressed by Mr. Besant. Mr. James is judicious and moderate in tone, and what he has to say will repay perusal. "A Blue Grass Penelope" comes to a somewhat shadowy conclusion.

The Rev. M. Kauffmann explains, in *Good Words*, the opinions of "The State Socialists," whose great thinker is Professor Adolf Wagner. The article is full of valuable thoughts on an undeniably burning question.—Professor Robinson Smith, in an historical paper, "Mohammedan Mahdis," shows how hopeless it is to suppose that Islam can be regenerated by volcanic outbursts of fanaticism. *Good Words* is up to its high average.

The most striking feature in *Cornhill* is a curious psychological study in fictional form, "The Curate of Churnside."

Mr. Scarlett Potter continues, in *Time*, his pleasant antiquarian paper, "The Ilmington Hills;" and there is freshness about some pretty French verses, "Aux Prés," by Mr. A. H. Gossett.

To the *Magazine of Art* Miss Julia Cartwright contributes a capital historical and artistic essay, "A Cartoon, by Leonardo."—There is also a beautifully-executed engraving from Frappa's picture, "His Eminence's Birthday."—We have only praise, too, for Mr. R. L. Stevenson's delightful verses, "A Child's Fancies."

The chief feature this month of that admirable French magazine *Le Livre*, is an article by Maurice Jamerel on Chinese books and booksellers. The summary of cosmopolitan literature, as usual, is interesting.



THE TURF.—Like many other recent meetings, notably that of York, even Doncaster itself was somewhat flat, scanty fields being the order of the day. There is no disguising the fact that, notwithstanding the number of thoroughbreds in training, there are not sufficient to supply the demands of the multitude of meetings permitted by the Jockey Club; and when we have a very dry season, many hundreds of animals cannot be thoroughly "wound up," in consequence of the hardness of the training grounds. The opening day at Doncaster was certainly not up to its usual standard, and the once famous Great Yorkshire Handicap only produced four runners, of whom Lawminster, the favourite, won, with Hauteur the fallen, as we may call her, second. The Champagne Stakes, if only from old associations, could not fail to be interesting, but it certainly was not exciting. Of the eight two-year-olds which started, St. Helena and Royal Hampton were the only ones which could claim, from past performances, to be among our crack youngsters, and they were made equal favourites. The first-named, however, "cracked" some distance from home, and Royal Hampton could only get second to the Duke of Portland's Langwell, a very second-rate performer up to Tuesday last, on whom Archer scored a 10 to 1 win. The race for the St. Leger on the Wednesday lacked its usual elements of interest, at least to a great extent, as it had for some weeks been looked upon as a "good thing" for the first favourite, Scot Free, the Two Thousand winner. Towards the end of last week, however, an impression gained ground that the contest was, comparatively speaking, a fairly open one, which was indicated by the many market fluctuations up to the time of the start. Still, the favourite held his position, though at longer odds, starting at 4 to 1, with Superba at 5, Sir Reuben and Harvester at a shade more, and The Lambkin at 9 to 1. The field numbered a "baker's dozen," which is about the average of Leger fields of modern years, and at the half-mile post Somerton and Cormeille were the leaders, though only on sufferance. At the final bend The Lambkin got the lead, was never afterwards headed, and won easily by a length from the Duke of Westminster's outsider Sandiway, with Superba third. The winner is the property of Mr. Vyner, a Yorkshire sportsman, and ran second to Little Duck, the French crack, for the Grand Prize of Paris. There were few, however, who thought him equal to the St. Leger, and only here and there a professional "prophet" ventured to predict his victory. He was ridden by Watts, who won on Ossian last year. Sir Reuben was fourth, and Queen Adelaide fifth, her stable companion, Harvester, only getting ninth, with Scot Free next behind him. The surprise of the race was Sandiway's second, as she started at 40 to 1, her stable companion Cambusmore, Archer's mount, making no show at the finish.

CRICKET.—The season is at its penultimate stage. The Australians have scored another victory over a strong Eleven of I Zingari, Lord Harris, A. G. Steel, the Hon. A. Lyttelton, and other cracks playing for the "Wanderers." The first innings on either side were pretty equal, the Zingari making 229, and the Australians 233. But the former could only follow with 140, and the Colonials got the required number to win with the loss of only two wickets.—Inter-county cricket has now come to an end, Surrey v. Sussex this week having been the last match of this series for the season. In this Surrey was victorious, winning by four wickets. The only big scores of the game were Whitfield's 41 for Sussex and W. W. Read's 83 for Surrey.

ATHLETICS.—At Aston, Birmingham, on Monday last, Mr. W. G. George attempted to beat the 3 min. 38 1-5th sec. for 1,500 yards, accomplished by Mr. W. Snook. He failed in this by 6 4-5ths sec., though he beat Snook in the race by twenty yards.

SWIMMING.—Mr. George White, who recently swam from Portsmouth to Ryde, has just failed to do the twenty-two miles from Southampton to Portsmouth. Mr. White was accompanied by a doctor and one or two officers of the Royal Humane Society, whose boat piloted the course. Two hours after starting he was taken out of the water, having covered a distance of three and a half miles, although the waves ran eight feet high, and for about half a mile the course, curiously enough, was impeded by a shoal of jelly fish. When taken into the boat his pulse and temperature were as healthy as when he started, but the weather rendered the attempt impracticable.—Long distance pedestrianism feats have lost a great deal of

the interest they once possessed; but it may be recorded that Bob Carlisle has just completed the task of walking 5,100 miles in 100 days.

AQUATICS.—Accounts have come to hand that Wallace Ross has forfeited for his second race with John Teemer, which was to have taken place last week; and further, that Teemer has sent a challenge to row either Hanlan or W. Beach of Australia, for 500l. a side and the Championship of the world; the event to come off in England.—It is a matter for regret that the contemplated double sculling match between Perkins and Godwin on the one part, and Buhear and Lorgan on the other, will not come off, at least just yet awhile, the second deposits not having been made good.—The Senior Pairs of the Thames Rowing Club have been won by S. M. Cooke and J. A. Drake-Smith.



ON Saturday last Miss Mary Anderson reopened the LYCEUM Theatre, and was warmly received after her summer tour by a large audience, which included many of her own countrymen. For the present Miss Anderson is content with the attractive bill with which her last season closed—*Pygmalion and Galatea* and *Comedy and Tragedy*. Certain changes in the casts are to be noted. Mr. Terriss, fresh from the cares of management at Toole's Theatre, now plays Pygmalion in place of Mr. Barnes; Miss Myra Holme is the jealous wife, Cynisca (replacing Miss Amy Roselle); Miss Sophie Larkin, as the vulgar wife of the art patron, Chrysos, plays with much humour; and Mr. W. Rignold is a burly representative of the soldier, Leucippe. Mr. Kemble, as before, plays Chrysos. There is nothing new to be said of Miss Anderson's *Galatea*. It is as graceful as ever. Every pose is studied, and every gesture considered; yet the performance is lacking in heart and sympathy. Miss Anderson, even when transformed into the woman, retains a statue-like frigidity. Her *Clarice* in *Comedy and Tragedy* is a much more interesting performance. The improvisation scene evoked loud applause. Miss Anderson promises a revival of *Romeo and Juliet*, with herself as Juliet to the Romeo of Mr. Terriss.

At the COMEDY on the same evening *Rip Van Winkle* was revived, Mr. Leslie, as the vagabond Rip, being almost the only representative of the old cast. Mlle. Berthe Latour is now Rip's wife, Gretchen, in the earlier part of the play, and his daughter Alice in the epilogue. This lady has a tolerable voice, and a command of whatever technique is necessary for the portrayal of emotion as understood in "opera-comique." Miss Coote is a winning representative of the daughter of Nick Vedder, and Mr. Walsham's fine voice is heard with pleasure in the part of young Derrick. Mr. Leslie's *Rip Van Winkle* has been much praised. It doubtless approaches as near to real acting as is possible in such an intrinsically poor form of dramatic art as "opera-comique." The last scenes have, indeed, considerable pathos. Mr. Harry Paulton is, of course, extremely funny as the Burgomaster and afterwards as young Vedder. Everything is done to make the revival attractive. The mounting is good, and the "chorus-ladies" fair and numerous. *Rip Van Winkle* will doubtless have another satisfactory run.

While Mr. Paulton is amusing the public by his drolleries as the Burgomaster at the COMEDY he is amusing them in another way at TOOLE'S Theatre, where a burlesque from his pen, entitled *The Babes; or, Whines from the Wood*, was produced with much success on Tuesday evening. It can no longer be concealed that the form of burlesque which has so long flourished on the ruins of Planché's work has become somewhat stale, and Mr. Paulton in producing a new form of burlesque deserves the gratitude of the patrons of the lighter forms of drama. His work is an odd compound of legitimate burlesque and "variety business." It does not strain laboriously after comic effects, no matter how obtained, but achieves genuine fun by legitimate caricature of well-known stage types. The burden of the piece rests upon Mr. Lionel Brough, Mr. Edouin, Miss Alice Atherton, Mr. C. E. Stevens, and Miss Grace Huntley. Mr. Edouin and Miss Atherton are the Babes, and Mr. Brough the cut-throat uncle, whose grim demeanour hides a poltroon's heart. This contradiction is, as may readily be imagined, exhibited with much humour. The usual chorus of tight-clad young ladies, who appear by turns as smugglers and village maidens, forms the background for the drolleries of the chief performers. Though Mr. Paulton has not succeeded in throwing off entirely the trammels of the current burlesque theories, he has done something towards breaking them down, and it is to be hoped that his example will be followed by other writers till the present form of burlesque is replaced by something more worthy of attention and study.

On Monday next a new drama, entitled *A Ruined Life*, in a prologue and three acts, will be produced at the GRAND Theatre, Islington. It is from the pens of Messrs. Arthur Goodrich and J. R. Crawford.

Robin Hood is now being played at the EMPIRE in place of *Camaraman*, which has gone back to the Gaiety.

At DRURY LANE, on Thursday (too late for notice this week), Mr. Augustus Harris revived *The World*, one of his earliest successes at this theatre. The cast is a strong one, Mr. Harris himself resuming the part of the hero.

Mr. Stuart Cumberland has been occupying the stage of the SAVOY THEATRE for a few evenings with some successful "thought-reading" experiments, but on Monday next the performances of *Princess Ida* will be resumed.

Next Thursday the COURT reopens with a revival of *New Men and Old Acres*, with an exceptionally good cast. Mr. Clayton and Miss Marion Terry are to play the parts formerly allotted to Mr. Kelly and Miss Ellen Terry. Mr. Anson resumes his old part of the *parvenu* Mr. Bunter, and Mrs. John Wood will be Mrs. Bunter. It is some years since this excellent comedy was last seen in London.



ON MONDAY, Thomas Dudley, captain, Edwin Stephens, mate, and Edward Brooks, seaman, of the yacht *Algonette*, were charged at the Falmouth Police Court with the murder, on the high seas, of the youth Richard Parker, under the circumstances detailed in our "Home" column. The only witness was the sergeant of the Falmouth Harbour Police, who apprehended them under a warrant on Saturday, and who deposed that he had heard Captain Dudley tell the Collector of Customs that he had killed Parker with a knife after offering up a prayer to God to forgive him for anything that he was about to do. Bail was applied for on the ground that the evidence of the crime had been adduced by the prisoners themselves, and after some consideration the application was refused, and the prisoners were remanded.

A COURT-MARTIAL AT PORTSMOUTH this week sentenced a lieutenant of the *Seraphis* to forfeit one year's seniority, to be severely reprimanded, and to be dismissed his ship, for having left it between

8 and 9 at night, returning at 11, whereas, being the officer in command, it was his duty to remain until 9, or ask some other officer to take his place. The certificates of the officer thus stringently punished were of the highest character, and there was not a single record against him; but no doubt "discipline must be maintained."

OPPOSITION TO THE VACCINATION ACTS has always been particularly strong in the borough long represented by that zealous opponent of State intervention, Mr. P. A. Taylor. Recently some offenders against the Acts, on being relieved from imprisonment, received an ovation, and now they are so generally disobeyed as to make the enforcement of them in Leicester very difficult. No fewer than 3,000 persons are waiting there to be summoned for refusing compliance with the provisions of the Acts.

AN EMPLOYÉ of the Army and Navy Stores, who bore a good character, was searched one evening on leaving duty, and a damaged pear, valued at threepence, being found on him, he was next day given into custody and charged with theft at the Westminster Police Court. The managing director seems to have thought some explanation needed for dealing thus stringently with so small an offence. When the prisoner was brought up a second time on remand, the sitting magistrate accordingly spoke of having received an official statement intimating that the petty thefts in the fruit and vegetable department of the stores, reckoning what was eaten and what was taken away, having been found to amount to 200l. a month, it was thought necessary to inflict exemplary punishment on the offenders. In consideration, however, of the character born by the accused, the magistrate added that the director might feel willing to regard his imprisonment while under remand as a sufficient punishment, and the prisoner was further remanded for a few days.

MR. H. H. DONGSON, Master of the Queen's Bench Division of the High Court of Judicature, who died last week at the advanced age of eighty, was nearly the last survivor of the obsolete class of special pleaders. He was very successful in his vocation, and it was not until after the passing of the Judicature Act that he accepted the Mastership, which had been offered him more than once.



THE WEATHER has become very unsettled, and not only does the summer seem to be completely over, but autumn itself appears comparatively advanced even before the sun has crossed the equinoctial line. The leaves of the trees, exhausted of juicy sustenance through the long summer drought, have begun to fall very early, and the downpour of rain has often been such as to stand in large pools on the surface of the dry earth. So dry, however, was the soil at the end of August that we hardly anticipate anything but benefit even from such a fall as 2.40 inches recorded at Rochester one day last week. The hop-pickers of Kent and Sussex have been seriously incommoded, but of the seventy million acres of British soil only seventy thousand are under hops. Threshings of corn have been discouraged, but with present prices this is no disadvantage.

IRISH DAIRY FARMING does not appear to be making all the progress which might be desired. We are informed that the number of milch cows is now over 45,000 less than it was a year ago, which represents a falling-off in the make of butter of over a hundred thousand firkins. The yield of milk in Ireland this year has been small, owing to the great drought making the pasturage poor. The small owners in Ireland have been unable to supply their cattle with artificial feeding stuff. The second growth, or "after grass," as it is called in Munster, has benefited greatly by the rains which have fallen during the past fortnight. Nevertheless it does not quite come up to average expectations. It is thought by many that there will be a rise in butter prices this winter, especially for finer sorts guaranteed from grass-fed cows.

LORD EGERTON OF TATTON, in a recent speech on agricultural topics, said that the passing of the Cattle Disease Bill had inspired breeders, but the position of the arable farmer was less satisfactory, as wheat certainly could not be grown at 32s. per qr., the price which many Cheshire farmers had lately been accepting. His lordship was very hopeful as to the use of ensilage, especially in wet seasons. He recommended a silo which he had seen at Amsterdam, and which was built up in the shape of a haystack, with stones over it like a Dutch barn. He was convinced that cattle found ensilage palatable, and that it was at least as good food for them as their more customary diet of hay.

MR. ROUNDELL, M.P., when speaking at the Craven Show, impressed on farmers the necessity of breeding more stock. The great want of the Craven district, he said, was more breeding. More building accommodation should be the first step forwards. As regards his own property, he should consider it his duty to give his tenants all the building accommodation they could claim as necessary for the encouragement of breeding stock. Mr. Roundell complained of the pastures as too big, and suggested that they should be reduced in area. The state of the shippens, he thought, was very bad, being in many cases devoid of light and ventilation to an extent that was very injurious indeed. If farmers wished seriously to have healthy stock they must see that the shippens were properly ventilated and arranged. If this were not done healthy stock was an impossibility.

THE IMPORTANT SHOW just held at Stockport brought entries of 162 horned cattle, 211 horses, 42 sheep, 55 pigs, 138 dogs, 521 fowls, and about 1,600 other exhibits, principally of implements. The shorthorns were scarcely so good as usual, neither were the Leicester and Shropshire sheep quite up to expectation. The Lincoln sheep, the heavy horses, the dogs, and the poultry, were the strongest points of the Show, while, perhaps, the weakest were the light horses and the pigs. The gold medal for the best cow of any age or breed was awarded to Mr. T. H. Hutchinson, of Catterick, for his "Lady Pamela," while the "Knight of Gwynne," belonging to Mr. Richard Wilkins, of Preston, was deemed by the judges to be the best bull in the Show-yard.

THE WARWICKSHIRE AGRICULTURAL SOCIETY had a fine Show at Stratford-on-Avon last week. The shorthorns were very good, and the famous "Self Esteem II," which was on view was alone worth going some distance to see. The longhorned cattle were not showy except in the Hereford breed, which showed up well. Some good dairy cattle were shown, and the sheep were a very good exhibition indeed, the Shropshire being an especially fine muster. Of agricultural horses the display was uncommonly good, Mr. W. Wynn, Mr. P. A. Muntz, and Mr. A. J. Schwabe showing some really splendid animals. The classes for Hunters were well filled. Pigs were a tolerably good show. The Warwickshire folk had wonderfully good luck in escaping rain during a two days' Show at a time when in most parts of England, including London, umbrellas and macintoshes were in great request.

THE LATHAM SHORTHORN SALE brought fair prices. Twenty-four females made 2,300 guineas, or an average of 100l. 12s. 6d. per animal, and the six bulls 421 guineas, or an average of 73l. 13s. 6d. The general average for thirty animals was slightly over 90l. a piece. Some of the young heifers were weak in the loins and high at tail, and the prices at which these animals had to be parted with reduced the general average.

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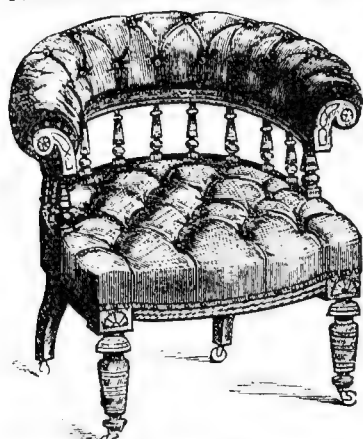
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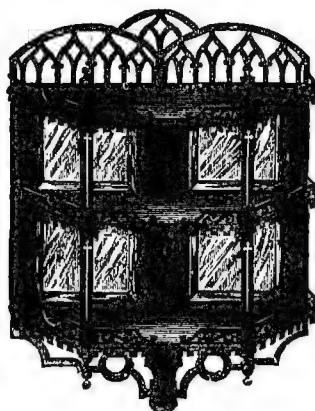
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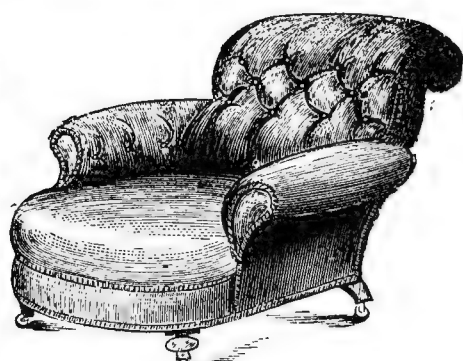
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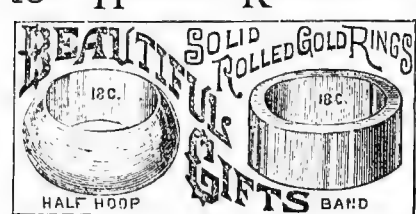
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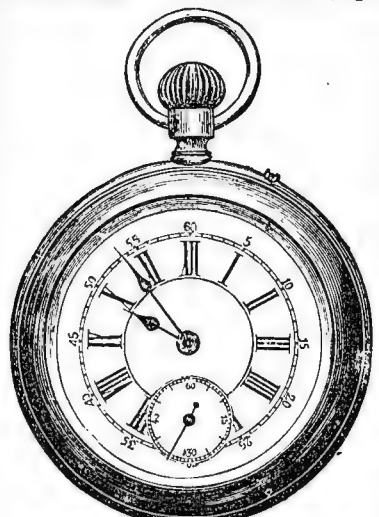
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Stirling	5 15	6 45	8 45	10 40	1 10	1 10	1 10	1 10	1 10
Oban	9 45	—	—	11 45	12 15	12 15	12 15	12 15	12 15
Perth	6 50	—	—	9 35	11 50	11 50	11 50	11 50	11 50
Aberdeen	10 10	—	—	12 15	12 45	12 45	12 45	12 45	12 45
Inverness	—	—	—	1 30	11 45	11 45	11 45	11 45	11 45

* No Train to these Stations on Sunday morning. A Does not run on Saturday night.

UP JOURNEY.

STATIONS.	WEEK DAYS.			
Inverness . . . dep.	12 0	—	—	—
Aberdeen . . .	11 45	—	—	—
Perth . . .	8 30	—	—	—
Oban . . .	5 25	—	—	—
Stirling . . .	9 30	—	—	—
Greenock (Cal.) . .	9 10	10 10	—	—
Glasgow . . .	10 11 45	4 25	5 10	—
Dunbar . . .	10 11 45	5 30	6 15	—
London . . .	8 10	4 30	5 15	—
(Euston Station) alt.	alt.	alt.	alt.	alt.

c Saturdays excepted, but runs on Saturdays.



DRAWN BY ARTHUR HOPKINS

“A letter in that old post office unlicensed of the authorities would, of course, find her.”

FROM POST TO FINISH:

A RACING ROMANCE

By HAWLEY SMART,

AUTHOR OF “BREEZIE LANGTON,” “BOUND TO WIN,” “THE GREAT TONTINE” “AT FAULT,” &C.

CHAPTER XVII.

“YOU IMPUDENT LITTLE MONKEY”

CAKES and ale were going the evening the news reached Riddleton Moor that the Dancing Master had won the Two Thousand. It was a great triumph. For the stable to follow up last year's successes by taking the first great three-year-old event of the season with an outsider, ridden by a Riddleton lad, was something to boast of. A hard man was old Greyson; but he told his wife to set the cups a-flowing upon this occasion, and to dispense Yorkshire hospitality to all comers.

Judge the excitement of Dollie as she saw the boy with the telegram, mounted on the best hack in the stable, coming up the road at a hard gallop, and waving the yellow tissue triumphantly over his head.

“Our horse in a canter,” he exclaimed; “Bushranger second, Pibroch a bad third. Here's the telegram, master;” and with a grin of exultation he handed the yellow paper to old Greyson.

The trainer looked leisurely over the tissue, which Dollie, with flashing eyes, read over his shoulder.

“You're right, father; you always stuck to it he was a great horse when he liked, and that Forrest was the best lad you had.”

“I never said that, my lass. What I said was, that he could do

more with the Dancing Master than any of the other boys. The horse is more used to him, you see.”

“It's a great thing for Jim Forrest to win his first race, father, isn't it? More especially when it is such a big race as the Two Thousand.”

“Yes; and means a new frock for you, Dollie, and another mount or more before the season is over for him.”

But not only had Jim Forrest gone up several steps in the estimation of the trainer, but amongst the myrmidons of the stable he was suddenly regarded with much respect. He had achieved at one bound the highest ambition of a stable-boy's life. He was a successful jockey! What career might not be open in that line to one who had steered the winner of the Two Thousand to victory? And already they regarded Forrest as blossoming possibly into a Frank Buckle or Jim Robinson, or one of those dead heroes of the saddle who figure in turf legends. There was great anxiety felt all round for the return of Butters and his charge; but that could not be expected as yet for two or three days. Although the Dancing Master had no other engagement, Butters had yet one or two other horses with him, who had been taken to Newmarket with a view to small handicaps, or selling races, and so earn something to pay for their hay and corn.

But the morning after the Two Thousand brought a letter from

Cuthbert Elliston that excited no little surprise in Bill Greyson and his wife. Dollie alone had a glimmer of the real meaning of it:—

“Congratulate you on your luck,” it ran; “if you take my advice you will part with your horse directly—for, of course, he is now yours. Sir Marmaduke Martindale asked if he was for sale, and of course puts the Dancing Master down as a veritable flyer, because he beat his own two highly-tried ones. One thing more. You will get rid of that boy Forrest at once; from what I know about him, I don't choose to have him in any stable with which I am connected. I had no idea you had got hold of him. With kind regards to Mrs. Greyson and Miss Dollie,

“I am,
“Yours truly,
“CUTHBERT ELLISTON.”

“Well, that's a rum start,” as he finished the letter. “What can he know of this lad Forrest? Why, the boy's only been with us a couple of months or so; and he told me he had never been in a racing stable before; and now I have peremptory orders to discharge him.”

“But you surely won't do anything so unjust, father? Why, he has just rendered you a signal service. Besides, he must be a fine

horseman. I have heard you say many times a more awkward horse than the Dancing Master we never had at Riddleton. Surely, it would be parting with one likely to be of very great service to you."

"Don't talk nonsense, child. No trainer can afford to indulge in the luxury of keeping a servant whom one of his principal employers objects to."

Dollie winced at the word. She had accustomed herself to hear her lover called one of the "lads," or "boys," but there was something very repugnant to her in the term of "servant," and yet she knew that he was just as much so as any one else who looked after horses for hire. She was not a little put out, too, at the idea of Gerald leaving Riddleton. She saw that he had made the first step in the career which she had marked out for him, and she naturally wished that that career should be worked out under her own eye. She had pictured him as the crack jockey of the Riddleton stables. Now he would, of course, have to leave them, and probably settle at Newmarket. She did not see very much of him as it was, but her opportunities of meeting him would be rare indeed should that be the case, so that upon the whole Dollie's gratification at her lover's triumph was not altogether without a mixture of alloy. Her father puzzled over Elliston's letter a good deal. He could not understand it. He had endured a bitter experience of stable-lads in his time, and the idea of parting with a good boy, unless for proved dishonesty, was a terrible mistake in his eyes. However, if Mr. Elliston said it was to be so, it must. There would be nothing for it but to give Jim Forrest twenty pound or so for his win, and tell him he no longer required his services. One thing Bill Greyson comforted himself with for the somewhat unfair treatment he was about to mete out to young Forrest, and that was he could honestly recommend him for a situation in any other stable, provided he failed to get sufficient employment as a jockey.

The end of the week brought Butters, Forrest, and the horses home from Newmarket flushed with success, for to Elliston's great wrath Butters, having no orders to the contrary, had ventured to put Jim up again in one of the minor races, and this also Forrest had succeeded in winning, after exhibiting what the race-going community pronounced a very pretty piece of riding. He came back most certainly expecting a word of commendation from the trainer; that Greyson was somewhat chary of such words he knew well; but he was assuredly dumfounded at that gentleman's first speech to him. Greyson was not the man to dally about an unpleasant task, and though he honestly—could he have had his own way—would have been most loth to part with the boy, yet he felt that his employer's orders must be carried out without delay.

"Well, my lad," he said, as he greeted young Forrest, "from all I hear, both from papers and hearsay, you've shown you can ride. If you only keep steady, and don't lose your head, I fancy your career as a jockey is marked out for you. You remembered what I told you about the horse, and stuck closely to it. I won a tidy little stake on it myself, and there's a pony for you for riding to orders," and, as he concluded, Greyson put five five-pound notes into Jim's hand. "Mr. Elliston ought to have behaved handsomely to you, though I don't want to ask what he's given you."

"I got nothing from Mr. Elliston," replied Jim, proudly; "not even thanks for being successful."

"Well, yes, I'm sorry to say, you got something more than that. I've Mr. Elliston's strict orders to discharge you, and I've no alternative but to obey them. What he has against you I've no idea, and at all events he don't explain his reasons to me."

"I can guess them pretty well," replied Forrest, "but that's neither here nor there. I don't suppose now I shall have much trouble about getting other employment. However, I have to thank you both for giving me a chance, and the liberality with which you have rewarded my success. I suppose I can have a day or two to look round?"

"Certainly, my lad," replied Greyson. "We have got to part, but you're not turned away, you know."

Gerald felt that he must see Dollie before leaving Riddleton, and that of course there would be no difficulty about accomplishing. A letter in that old post office unlicensed of the authorities would, of course, find her, and Gerald had not much doubt about her calling speedily at that *poste restante* under existing circumstances. If a girl does not want to see and sympathise with her lover in his hour of triumph, when does she want to see him? She's scarce like to trouble him in the dark hour of reverse, I trow. But Dollie was full of exultation at Gerald's success, and full of hope for his future. Although dashed with disappointment, and filled with indignation at the injustice dealt out to him at first, she had still the sense to see, when she thought it over, that the best chance for a jockey to make his way quickly was to be resident at Newmarket. It was annoying to her personally to be so separated from her lover, but then she was gifted with plenty of common sense, and reflected how many girls had to wait whilst their lovers made incomes sufficient to marry them on. He might be poor, he might be earning his bread in servile fashion, at the beck and call of any employer, like a Hansom cabman, but he was of the best blood in Yorkshire, and say what you will you can't knock that Conservative idea out of the most Radical woman's head. Even the broken-down gentleman who has forfeited his old station is always looked upon with a certain respect, little as it may be deserved, by the women of a class beneath him.

"Oh, Gerald," exclaimed the girl, as she leaned across the fence and kissed him, "I was so pleased, dear, when the telegram came in. How good of that cross-tempered grey thing to do his best for once!"

"A once, darling, that's made me. It seemed as if the Dancing Master meant to repay the debt of gratitude for all the temper and patience he owes me. I daresay you heard what Mr. Elliston's idea is of repaying me my jockeyship? Has he told your father the reason why he wishes me sent away?"

"Of course he recognised you, Gerald? But, no, he has not told father anything about that. I saw the letter myself. He merely says vaguely 'from what he knows about you.'"

"I am very glad of it, Dollie. I should like to remain Jim Forrest for the next few years, but I'm afraid my *incognito* can hardly be sustained even if Elliston says nothing about it. You see there are so many of my old University chums still at Cambridge, and, of course, many of them come over to Newmarket. Then there are a good many other people who have known me elsewhere. And if I am to come off as a jockey, I need scarcely say a great deal of my time must be passed at 'Head-quarters,' so that sooner or later I'm afraid my recognition is bound to take place."

"I can't shut my eyes to what you say, Gerald, and though to me it matters nothing, yet I wish for your sake, and the sake of your mother and sister, it could be avoided. Still, the more successful you are the more certain it is to happen. In these days the crack jockeys and the fashionable beauties occupy all the front places in the photographers' windows. I want you to succeed, Gerald, and you must make up your mind to face the notoriety which attends success."

"Yes, I fancy it's all for the best," replied Gerald. "You must forgive my wincing at two or three things. You have put me in the way of earning more money than I was ever likely to do in any other line; but a Rockingham riding *professionally* goes rather against the grain. Absurd! No doubt. I'm not very old; but I do know you can't afford to be proud when you have got to earn your own living. It's hard lines having to leave you, Dollie."

"Nonsense," replied the girl; "it's only what all men do who get engaged early in life."

"Engaged!" interrupted a voice from behind. "Upon my word, Dollie, I should very much like to know who you are talking to about being engaged, forsooth, at this time in the evening; who is it, Miss? I insist upon knowing," continued Mrs. Greyson, as Gerald, at an imploring gesture from Dollie, retreated precipitately in the direction of the stables.

"Who is it?" replied Dollie quietly; "some one, mother, I had something to say to."

"Don't answer me in that way, Miss; go in and see about supper directly; and we'll soon see whether your father thinks that because one of his stable-boys wins races, it justifies him in keeping company with his daughter."

"If I'm to be accused of flirting, mother, with every one with whom I exchange a civil word about the place, perhaps I'd better be locked up at once. Yes, I met young Forrest; and I was only congratulating him on his success and on his future prospects. Oh dear, no; not *here*, I know," she added with a little toss of her head; "but he told me he has got a good opening, and you know, mother dear," concluded Dollie with a sweet smile, "men are engaged to *ride* as well as to *marry*!"

"Go along into the house, you impudent little monkey. Do you think I'm a mole, and can't see how things are going on? This comes of you trapesing over to York, and trying on gloves in your uncle's shop. You've got that giddy, that sooner than not carry on with somebody you'll be for carrying on with a stable-boy. Go in, do, you saucy little baggage; and if your father allows that young Forrest to be another day about the place, he's a bigger fool than I take him to be."

I don't know that Dollie was much perturbed by this threat. She knew very well that Jim Forrest was already dismissed; and whether, after her mother's discovery, he was permitted to linger on another few days or so, was likely to be of very little consequence as far as their love affair was concerned. She could never venture to give him another meeting now her mother's suspicions were aroused.

As for her father! Well, Dollie knew he never was seriously angry with her for twenty-four hours; so that upon the whole she was not much discomposed by the aspect of things.

Mrs. Greyson was as good as her word. Supper over, she ordered Dollie to bed in that peremptory fashion that few about her ever ventured to resist. Her petulant invalid manner and ways were simply the outcome of indolence, which her husband was too easy to dispute; but she had a pretty resolute will of her own when she was roused, and those who knew her best, best knew it. Indolent dispositions are apt to be of this fashion; like the kettle on a slow fire, they take some time to boil, but boil over at last and all the more wickedly, from the hot water not being quite expected.

Mrs. Greyson had been a manager in her day, and the subordinates she had drilled and disciplined still stood no little in awe of the missus when she did look into things; so what with that and Dollie's being now able to take her mother's place in some measure, the wheels of the *ménage* at Riddleton Moor Farm ran pretty smoothly.

Dollie of late had rather rebelled against the maternal autocracy; but she had never ventured upon quite such flippant rejoinder as to-night.

Dollie, after some slight deliberation, having yielded to her mother's mandate and retired, Mrs. Greyson at once acquainted her husband with Dollie's culpable conduct.

"Damme," said Bill Greyson, bringing his hand heavily down upon the table, "this won't do. He's a nice lad, that young Forrest, and I won't say but what he'll make a jockey in time; but I'm not going to have him sweethearting here with Dollie all the same. Leave him to me, Dorothy, and I'll see he clears out sharp to-morrow."

Mrs. Greyson would rather have enjoyed dealing with the audacious Forrest herself; but she knew her husband too well to suggest such a thing. She reigned paramount in her own domain; but Bill Greyson tolerated no interference with any of his own myrmidons, except in a very limited way from his right-hand man, Joe Butters. Though a rigid disciplinarian he was a kind master, and Jim Forrest received his *immediate* dismissal next morning in rather softer terms than he otherwise would have done on account of having so successfully passed his "little go."

"Look here, Forrest," said the trainer; "I told you that you might stay on a few days with me till you had arranged where to go. I tell you now you must clear out this afternoon. From what I hear, you came to Riddleton fooling after my daughter. Now I'll have no caterwauling of that sort. You've a future before you if you behave yourself and keep clear of drink. One thing more: take my advice, and keep clear of muslin for the next six or seven years. It's brought as many of your profession to grief as spirits. Good-bye, my lad; and," added Greyson, as he shook hands, "don't let me hear of your hanging around Riddleton."

CHAPTER XVIII.

MR. THORNDYKE'S CRICKET CLUB

YORK woke up in real earnest when the result of the Two Thousand reached it. I don't mean canonical York exactly, but that section that surged around Harker's Hotel, or congregated in the coffee room of the Black Swan in Coney Street. People congratulated Thomas Greyson on the extraordinary run of luck that was attending his brother's stable; but Yorkshire generally had no kindly feeling towards Bill Greyson. He had imparted the secret of last year to no one, except a very few intimates. He had not kept them out of the Caterham business in the City and Suburban, and many of the Tykes had lost their money both last year and this over that horse; and hardly a soul had been the better for the victory at Newmarket.

"Clever tactician, Tom, your brother; but he moight gie his friends and neighbours a turn, lad, when he's got such a clinking good thing as that last. Cuthbert Elliston, I reckon, made a mort of money out of the business. He's deep, deep as the Humber is Elliston."

It was in vain that Thomas Greyson protested his brother had told him nothing, and that he firmly believed the Riddleton people had won no money over it. Yorkshire knew better than that. Both the Greysons, Elliston, and Sam Pearson had won big stakes over it. A clever division, very, said the denizens of the Valley of the Ouse; "they do not tell us mooch afore the race, that's sartain; but it's noa use they're telling us afterwards they ain't collared the brass."

Amongst other persons upon whose ears all this sort of talk happened to fall was Ellen Rockingham. She had gone into Mr. Greyson's shop, ostensibly to purchase some small articles she needed, but in reality quite as much with a view to coming across Dollie. She had not quite made up her mind what she would say to Dollie if she found her there, was not quite indeed sure that she would speak to her at all; but there was the fact that they could get no news whatever of Gerald, and the sole person who knew of his whereabouts was Dollie Greyson. The girl was not in the shop, being, as we know, still at Riddleton, but while buying the trifles she wanted she overheard the race for the Two Thousand discussed. Miss Rockingham honestly cared nothing for turf matters, still she had been brought up in the bosom of a most sporting family, and naturally could not help knowing something about them, besides, Cuthbert Elliston and Mr. Sam Pearson were men only too well

known to her, and whom she knew Gerald more than suspected of having a considerable hand in working his father's ruin. Once attracted by the subject, she listened to the discussion, which there was no attempt on the part of the speakers to make confidential, and gathered from it a most unfavourable opinion both of Dollie's father and his employers.

"Yes; old Bill's never been in the habit of letting his neighbours stand in with his 'good things,' but if ever he ought to have given a man a hint it was over the last Leger. He knew how deep the poor Squire was in the swim that went for Caterham, and Rockingham had been a rare good friend to him in his early days. He ought to have told him to save himself over Phaeton."

"Yes, indeed; but those Riddleton people think only of the money, and don't care how, or from whom, they get it. By the way, Greyson's brought out a new lad as well as a new three-year-old. The papers say that boy Forrest promises to be as good as the horse."

And this was the first Ellen was destined to hear of her brother's new career, and little did she dream then who Forrest was. In fact, so mechanically did the name fall upon her ear that when next she heard it she failed to recognise it.

"Well, Miss Rockingham," exclaimed Mr. Thorndyke, who had just entered the shop and caught enough of the conversation to become aware that the late race at Newmarket was under discussion, "I presume you have enough county patriotism to be proud of Yorkshire's triumph over the Southron. I own I'm always glad when those Newmarket people get beaten on their own dunghill. They give themselves such tremendous airs, and think that no one can train a horse except on the Heath."

"Surely, Mr. Thorndyke, you don't approve of racing? I know you go very far on the subject of field sports, but not quite so far as that, surely."

"If you mean do I go racing, certainly not, although I can see no harm in one of my cloth doing so once in a way; but I did a good deal as a young man, and I still cannot help watching it in the papers."

Ellen could not understand Mr. Thorndyke; that he should entertain these extraordinary opinions and yet be a respected and popular parish priest, as she knew him to be, was inexplicable to her. It was so contrary to the views of the religious sect with which she had elected to identify herself.

"Will you come to my tea and turn-out next Thursday, Miss Rockingham? It's simply the opening of my cricket club for the season. I entertain somewhat more substantially than tea, though. A few of my friends, also, are kind enough to patronise me. Durnford, with whom I dined last night, for one has promised to come."

Ellen stared. She knew that the new Canon had already acquired the reputation in York of being very fastidious in the choice both of his friends and his cook, and that to be one of his intimates was already regarded as a social distinction.

"You look amazed, Miss Rockingham, at my being a friend of Durnford's. Our views, certainly, are not similar, but he's a clever man and tolerant, and by no means thinks it incumbent that every one should be of his way of thinking. Or," he continued, laughing, "do you think it is a hankering after the fleshpots, and that the Canon's cook reconciles me to the Canon's opinions? A good dinner is better than a bad one, and a full man is ever more open-handed than a fasting one. Brushley, no doubt, tells you enjoyment of the superfluities is wrong. Life without its superfluities would be a very dull business. Come to my party, Miss Rockingham, and witness the full measure of my iniquities. You will be a check upon me, remember."

And then Ellen promised to go, and bade him good-bye with a friendly little nod.

It was not particularly curious what had brought about the intimacy between the two men. Mr. Durnford was careless who he became friends with as long as there was something in them. He had all the tolerance of opinion that a man accustomed to mix in the great London whirlpool usually acquires. He admired Thorndyke's straightforward fearless character, and recognised his great ability. The Canon was, in his courtly way, quite as fearless as Thorndyke, but he was not quite so outspoken. The world had marvelled much when Mr. Durnford accepted advancement other than metropolitan, but there are always wheels within wheels, and Mr. Durnford was privately informed it was merely a stepping-stone to something better, so he accepted an excellent country living a few miles from York and a stall in the Minster, put a curate into the Rectory, and took up his own residence for the most part within the city.

It was a lovely day in June, the week between Epsom and Ascot, when Miss Rockingham started off to keep tryst with John Thorndyke, and be present at the opening day of his parish cricket club. Only the week before the racing community had been electrified by the new boy from the Riddleton stable actually getting third for the Derby on a little-fancied outsider, and there were not wanted good judges who declared that Young Forrest fairly outrode Blackton for the place, and Blackton was not only considered a good jockey, but it was well known had stringent orders to be in the first three if possible. People talked about this in York a good deal, and hailed the advent of another great North-country jockey, who should be famous as Bill Scott, Job Marson, or Frank Butler in a short time. Greyson was congratulated on having found, not only the horse but the man, and then folks began to inquire why it was that Jim Forrest had not ridden the Dancing Master, instead of an outsider like Trumpet Major, on which it oozed out Forrest had set up his tent at Newmarket, and several all connection with the Riddleton stable.

Miss Rockingham arrives at the cricket-field, and is welcomed by John Thorndyke in most unclerical costume. A loose black surtout over his flannels is all the acknowledgement the Rector pays to his cloth.

"You don't mean to say [you are going to play?]" said Ellen, smiling, as she shook hands, for even she, it not being Sunday, saw nothing extraordinary in his doing so.

"Yes. To tell you the truth it's a sort of pious fraud, Miss Rockingham. You see my folks don't like the opening match without 'parson's in it.' So he always is, and is very unlucky, too. You'll see what a duffer I am to-day. The fact is you can't make a good score and look after your guests, and some other fellow always has to tag out for me.—Oh, Durnford, you remember Miss Rockingham?"

"Could any one but an extreme Radical like you presume to ask such a question? But there's nothing a Radical won't ask."

"Yes, we are always desirous of acquiring information, whilst you dear old Conservatives forget nothing and learn nothing."

"Now, my dear Thorndyke, you know you only ask questions to annoy people, and it is usually successful. One either don't want to give information or hasn't any to give. A wise man hates confessing ignorance."

"Well," laughed Thorndyke, "my present business is to get a few runs, so I shall leave Miss Rockingham in your charge."

"Quite right. Go and get your few runs—can't be too few for the sake of your guests, who for once are thoroughly in accord with your Liberal principles."

"Is Mr. Thorndyke really a Radical?" inquired Miss Rockingham.

"Yes; and so are sensible men of all denominations in reality, if by Radicalism you mean that the world can't stand still. Ah! well hit!" he exclaimed, as their host sent a ball to leg for four.

"Let's wait a minute, and watch the game. Thorndyke is a really fine player."

Two or three more slashing hits, and then the Rector skyed one which his opponents promptly secured. A little ovation greeted his return to the tent, not on account of the half-score runs or so he had made, but as a testimony to his popularity.

"Dear me, Thorndyke, I congratulate you," said Mr. Durnford, with a twinkle in his eye. "I had no idea you were such a hand at lifting them."

"I always like to ascertain in these practice matches what the lifting's like," rejoined the Rector. "I know now these fellows can catch."

John Thorndyke's lunch was a great success. There were at least fifty people sat down in the tent, consisting of the elevens, the leading people in his parish, and a few personal friends like herself and Mr. Durnford.

Miss Rockingham could not but see what a popular man with his people this, in her eyes, most unorthodox clergyman was. It puzzled her. Could this man, so utterly unlike what she was accustomed to regard as one having religion, really have the welfare of those confided to his charge at heart? Still it was evident that he knew every one, and from a word that dropped here and there, had, besides personal, an intimate knowledge of their lives. She knew that though he preached in what was to her, most unconventional fashion, yet that his words went home, and his congregation listened with rapt attention to those short stirring addresses. Was this man doing as much good, according to his lights, as those more rigid and ascetic clergymen with whom she had been so far associated?

She ventured, as they strolled about after luncheon, to put a question to this effect to Mr. Durnford.

"We have all our way of attaining an end, Miss Rockingham," replied the Canon, "but I wish I could think I did half as much good as Thorndyke. I will tell you a little story. Before he came here Thorndyke had charge of a poor parish in East London. Calling one day on an artisan who was just recovering from a long illness, he found the poor fellow unusually despondent. An excellent opening for work had presented itself, but all his wardrobe was in pawn, and he had no decent clothes in which to apply for it. There was no time to be lost, or it would be gone. Thorndyke rose to the emergency. He quietly divested himself of the best part of his raiment, insisted upon the convalescent man putting on the clothes he took off, and then awaited his return. The man's application was successful: thanks to Thorndyke's promptitude, he was just in time to secure the situation he coveted. No one ever heard our friend allude to it, but the working men of that district have by no means been so reticent, and the incident gave Thorndyke the most unbounded influence over them."

Miss Rockingham was as much impressed with this story of John Thorndyke as his late parishioners, and turned it over in her mind many times.

(To be continued)



AUTUMN came upon us unawares; from almost tropical heat to cold north winds, in the course of a few hours, was so rapid a transition as to find some of our readers quite unprepared, and severe colds and coughs were the result. It is no longer safe to go out in thin costumes, excepting quite in the middle of the day.

This is the month of all others when Jerseys are most useful: they are so warm and elastic, and look so natty. Supposing a cream-coloured serge or flannel costume has lost some of its freshness, and yet is not shabby enough to be discarded, it may be made to look quite nice by running several rows of powder-blue braid on the kilted flounce, or above the hem, and trimming the tunic or drapery to correspond. With this may be worn a powder-blue Jersey, with a cream-coloured waistcoat; cuffs and collar to match. This may be repeated in forest-green or crimson. In the course of our *tournee* we saw some very stylish little jackets, for odd times and seasons, made of rifle-green or terra cotta-coloured cloth, trimmed with gold braid; and, less showy, but equally stylish, of steel-coloured cloth, with handsome black ornaments in leaves and arabesque designs, which, by the way, are often made by industrious young people as fancy work, giving scope for taste in design and arrangement.

Some very pretty travelling dresses, tailor made, were neat and becoming. One was of fine heather-mixture Scotch cheviot, trimmed with plaid. Another was of brown cheviot, with a plain full skirt and a stitched hem. There were some half-a-dozen waistcoats to be worn on various occasions with the jaunty little cut-away jacket: striped of the same material, scarlet serge, cream cashmere, embroidered in brown oak leaves and acorns, brown moleskin, brown velvet, with narrow gold cord, and dead-white corded silk. Our readers who are about to travel with as little luggage as possible will find this costume very useful, as the waistcoats pack into a very small compass, and make a surprising difference for the *table d'hôte*. No. 3 waistcoat may be accompanied by a deep pointed collar and cuffs to match; as may also Nos. 5 and 6. A third travelling dress was made of a very pretty stone-grey cloth, kilted from the waist; a plain bodice and a small amount of drapery at the back.

A very attractive tailor-made costume for mourning was of fine black cloth, with panels caught together with large jet hooks and eyes; jacket, with small basque, with small hooks and eyes outside to match the skirt.

For Pullman-car travelling was a very rich dress of Ottoman repp, made with three wide box pleats, trimmed with narrow braid in points; between the box pleats were several fine kiltings. The over drapery was trimmed in points to match; bodice to correspond. Two very elegant costumes for mourning were: the one for walking, of paramatta, with alternate tucks of the material and crape about five inches deep; a very short gathered-up panier on the left hip; on the right a full drapery. The other dress was of black satin, with three narrow frayed flounces, above which was a flounce, of eighteen inches deep, fastened a little below the top with a band of ribbon, and at the intervals handsome jet buckles; the pleated drapery in front was caught up high on both hips, and fell at the back in folds. For complimentary mourning was a dress of steel-coloured satin with a very rich gimp of small jet and steel beads; a handsome ornament of the same material looped up the drapery on one side.

When going out visiting, or to an English or foreign watering-place where the *table d'hôte* dinner necessitates some dressy addition to the toilette, a very pretty *fichu* may be made thus: half a yard of spotted or figured net or tulle gathered at one end into a velvet band, black, or of a colour to suit the dress with which it is to be worn, fastened with a fancy clasp or bow; gather the net at the waist, fasten with a bow and ends, leaving a frill below; edge top and bottom, with lace.—For yachting or sea-side we recently saw a stylish dark blue plain serge made with a kilted skirt, scarf in front, draped at the back. With this dress was worn a simple white waistcoat and gold or silver buttons.—A little too fast-looking, but very becoming to a pretty young face, is

the "Yachtsman's" cap, with a shade over the eyes and a small badge of the yacht's club on one side. It is made in white or coloured serge to match the costume. A trifle more feminine are those caps, something after the Tam o' Shanter style, made of flannellette or serge with loose crowns.—Very handsome and effective was a blue serge cloth made for a Royal personage. Round the edge of the skirt, on the tunic, waistcoat, and sleeves, was a bold floral pattern in red and gold. A black serge also looked very nice trimmed with broad cream-white military braid, on which was an arabesque design worked in black. A third costume from the same fashionable lady's tailor was very *distinguee*, made of a beautiful shade of fawn-coloured Vicuna cloth, trimmed with narrow silver and broad black braid, frogged up the front. Mixed braids are very much used for tailor-made dresses.

Amongst the new materials for autumn wear are Italian Ottoman silk, which is ribbed in two-width cords; "Nonpareil Velveteen," a material which so closely resembles velvet as almost to defy detection from the genuine article; "Crêpe Tonquin," a very light material, which may be trimmed with crape embroidery for mourning, or with lace for ordinary wear; velvet canvas grenadine, a rich fabric for evening dress; Henrietta cloth, a very fine cashmere material, and foulard in black or colour, plain or figured. The last-named was very much worn at the various race meetings in France and Belgium, more especially the former, where it is always more or less popular, as much so as the various soft Indian silks are with us on account of their coolness and pliability. For evening wear at the Continental casinos and English spas white and black lace dresses have lost none of their popularity; with them may be worn on a chilly evening velvet coats or jackets, or a *bachelik* of mohair wool striped with gold is thrown with careless grace over the head, and one end over the shoulder. Worthy of notice amongst many charming toilettes worn at Caen during the race week may be mentioned a costume in Adrianople; the petticoat was made with narrow pleats, divided by bands of cornflower-blue ribbon velvet; tunic of blue velvet dotted with red chenille, looped up very short; the corsage was open to the waist, a *fichu* of red crape finely pleated filled the open space. Coarse straw hat, with bows of velvet, bouquet of field-flowers, and many butterflies hovering about them in a most realistic manner.—Another costume was of red and white striped silk petticoat, upper dress of red cachemire, on the front of which was a large bow of ribbon, with long ends arranged in loops. The silk striped corsage opened over a Swiss bodice of black velvet; black velvet collar, fan bow of tulle. Capote of white net, made with runnings, through which were inserted bands of red satin, divided by flat straps of velvet.

Those of our readers who have not looked to their furs should do so without delay, as in the course of a few weeks they will be at least twenty-five per cent. dearer than at present. Our American and French neighbours were making their purchases a month ago. We learn from indisputable authority that though sealskin has lost none of its prestige, light furs, such as sable, chinchilla, and in fact all natural-coloured furs, will be much worn this season. We saw some very handsome capes of sable, with or without tails, pointed back and front, and *fitting* the shoulder, a very much prettier fashion than the high shoulders of last season. Sea otter in its natural colour will be one of the most fashionable trimmings of the season as well as the most expensive; its value may be estimated by the fact that a single skin now being exhibited at the Healtheries is worth 100*l.*, hence this costly skin can only be used for trimmings. A very good imitation of it is made in natural beaver.—Young people may bring forth their short sealskin jackets, which will again be worn this winter, and they can have them done up to look as good as new, together with their sealskin hats and sable tails trimming, which have been so long out of fashion. For matrons, young and old, are prepared ample and rich dolmans of sealskin, trimmed with lusted, silvered, or natural beaver, or any other fur.

It has long been complained of by sensitive folks that sealskin was not porous, and did not allow the perspiration to evaporate freely. The "Hygeian Mantle" of Alaska seal, with a ventilating cloth top, under a small cape, has been introduced with a view to removing this defect, and has well succeeded.—The "Waldeck Mantle" of Alaska seal, trimmed with skunk, short at the back, and with long square ends trimmed with skunk tails, is very elegant.—A dolman had very long pointed sleeves, which, although graceful in appearance, would not protect the wearer from the cold; to rectify this defect tight-fitting under-sleeves are added.

In the fur-bag muffs a clever arrangement has been introduced. What appears to be an ordinary purse is fixed firmly inside, close to the opening; this prevents the groping about amid numerous articles, which is so annoying when making a payment.



CONSCIOUSLY or unconsciously, Signor Giovanni Dupré has taken Cellini for his pattern. Of course sculptors like Ricci and Bertolini, with their squabbles about which is to be copied, beautiful nature or the *bello ideale*, seem small beside the contemporaries of Michael Angelo; nor can patrons like Count Benino and Prince Demidoff and the Princess Mathilde be put in comparison with the historic names which fill Cellini's pages. Nevertheless, "Thoughts On Art and Autobiographical Memoirs" (Blackwood) is a real book full of wonderful freshness and Italian vivacity. Dupré's early struggles are interesting enough. He is the son of a wood-carver of Siena, and he has never been too proud to carve crucifixes and make caskets and the like when he has been anxious to please some particular person and has had no sculpture in hand. But though the beginning is good the rest of the memoir is still better. The reader who begins at the middle will be sure to work his way back as well as onward; and before reading many pages he will feel that the book was not only worth writing, but was well worth translating. Some of us may remember Dupré's "Abel" at the Crystal Palace, and his competition for the Wellington memorial. He was President of the sculpture department in the Vienna Exhibition; he was chosen to execute the Cavour monument, and for that reason he was refused a sitting when Florence wished to place Pio Nono's bust in the Duomo. Such a man's art criticisms are valuable; but they are only a small part of the book. It contains a little politics—how 1848 affected the artist world, and strangely enough something about India just before the Mutiny; and a deal of good advice, such as "Never have girl models coming to you without their mothers," "Don't let a lady sit to you for a statuette without her husband's knowledge," "Don't even turn round and look at a handsome woman in the Trastevere." All this is pleasantly enforced by amusing anecdotes; but its effect is a little marred by a confession about pocketing a bit of a mosaic at Pompeii. But most amusing of all is the artist's portrait of himself. As a young man he was so bumptious that when, on his first visit to Rome, he was asked what he most admired in the Eternal City, he replied, "The stewed broccoli." He has got the better of this; but he still thinks he can amend the sense of Dante by putting in commas. No wonder he has little love for Academicians; when he exhibited his "Abel," they all cried out that it was not sculptured but cast, and that he had bribed the model to protest that he had not had a mould taken from him. From the pretty

story about Mrs. Macartney, and the anecdote which tells so much to Haynan's credit, to the account of the street row which ended in the Leghorn Volunteers having to be sent home under a strong escort to keep the Florentine mob from tearing them in pieces, every page of this racy book will repay reading.

Major W. Shepherd, R.E., writes as amusingly as Signor Dupré; but he takes a much gloomier view of human, or rather of American, nature. It is disappointing (though to those who know anything of colonial life it is not surprising) that "the constant principle of the American help is that work, unless he is compelled thereto, should be avoided." The advocates of higher education should be warned that "no men in this world are so intelligently idle" as those who have gone West out of Iowa and other much-schooled districts. Even the Chinaman, though he is still a steady worker, is getting to think he is "all same as 'Melican,'" and to demand pay in proportion. And thus, when the major's cook and most useful man would be found in a saloon trying whisky samples, and his sheep behaved with more than usual obstinacy, and the hotel fare out of New York was detestable, we can understand why "Prairie Experiences in Handling Cattle and Sheep" (Chapman and Hall) are by no means rose-coloured. To tourists Major Shepherd says, "You can see a European capital for 20*l.*; it will cost you 200*l.* to see San Francisco. Don't think you'll get ten times as much out of the one trip as out of the other." To the young man who thinks of prairie farming he says, "Don't go. Work on an English farm would be much lighter and pleasanter, and you would escape that side of frontier existence which may well be called beastly." "If you will go," he adds, "take no money, or you'll be done out of it. Pay no premium; but hire yourself out, and resolutely save your wages for future investment." Major Shepherd has the courage to tell the plain truth about many American matters, the railway system among others. The Mormons get a good word from him; but few things or persons beside.

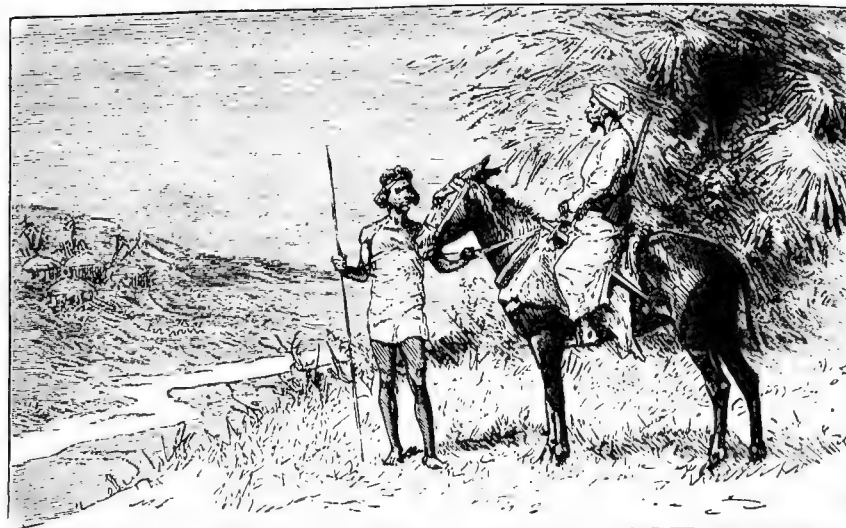
It is consoling to feel that "the average graduate of an American high school—or even of one of a minor college" would be puzzled to say what he understands by organic evolution. To meet this real want, Joseph and Fanny Bergen have published for general readers a brief statement of "The Development Theory" (Lee and Shepard, Boston; Dillingham, New York), which we heartily recommend to all beginners on this side of the Atlantic. It is just what an elementary treatise should be, simple and well-arranged, giving clear cases (like that of the shells in the Steinheim rock-layers) of variation becoming specific. We like the metaphor: "Variation is the wind, natural selection the rudder." Haeckel is a great authority with our authors, especially in the chapter on embryology. The historical sketch is very good; and the progress from the elder Darwin, through Lamarck, to the younger Darwin is clearly traced. We are sure, however, that too much is made of the Canstadt skull and that of La Naulette; they seem more like abnormal distortions than representatives of a race.

More interesting, though less practical, than Mr. T. Speedy's chapters on choosing your moor and your dogs and arranging your outfit, are those on eagles (the destruction of which, by aspirants to "the hunter's badge" and otherwise, he earnestly deprecates) and falcons and other enemies of game, including poachers. Some of these last are heroes in their way; the man who single-handed can kill a red deer, gralloch it, carry it out of the forest bounds, and, having hidden the fore-quarters, throw the haunches over his shoulders and walk off, is as wonderful in his way as Samson with the gates of Gaza. Where poaching pays so well it will thrive, despite the laws which Mr. Speedy invokes, and the lives (eight in Scotland within the year) which are sacrificed to it. Noble and gentle egg-buyers do a great deal of harm; in fact the thing to aim at is to make it still harder to sell game; for few poachers are like the gang that Mr. Speedy tells of, who camped out merely for the sake of the wild life and the feeding *ad fresco*. Dishonest keepers are (heremindus) worse than poachers. His advice is: "Look at your moor before you rent it; and, having decided, get the agreement signed at once, or you may find it let at a higher rent to some one else." He is hard on landlords who complain that a tenant has "cleared the ground;" it is the tenant who more usually has to complain of sharp practice. Indeed, his "Sport in the Highlands and Lowlands of Scotland" (Blackwood) is full of practical hints—for instance, on the advisableness of mowing grass land towards cover instead of towards the centre of the field; and on the advantage of topping wire fences with planks or bushes (the number of birds killed against wires, telegraph and others, is startling). The book contains one capital story, that of the fishing rooks, who when a trout was caught, carried it off and divided it in a field.

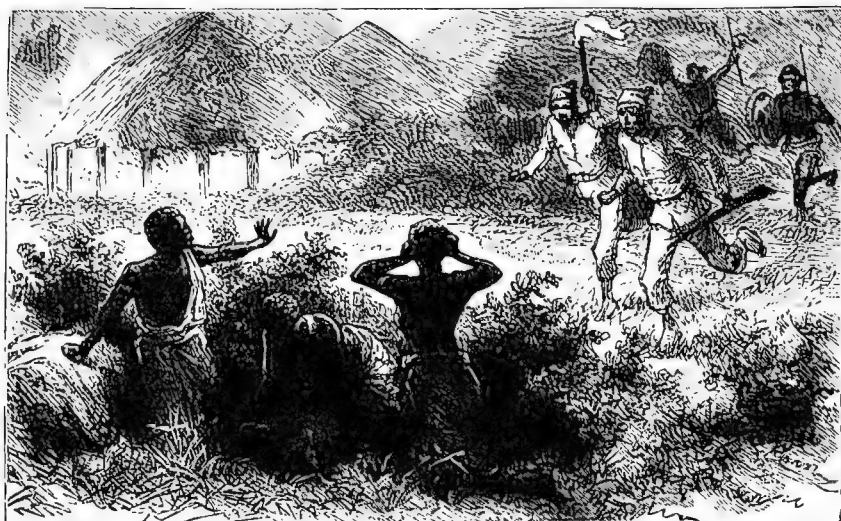
The literature of the Health Exhibition threatens to become as voluminous as that of the Fisheries. From Messrs. Clowes we have already received "Healthy Furniture and Decoration," by R. W. Edis, architect, "Athletics," Part I., by the Rev. F. Warre, of King's College, and Part II., by the Hon. E. Lyttelton and Gerard F. Cobb, M.A., Captain Galton on "Ventilation, Warming, and Lighting for Domestic Use," "Healthy Nurseries and Bedrooms," by Mrs. Gladstone, "Healthy and Unhealthy Houses in Town and Country," by W. Eassie, C.E., "Diet in Relation to Health and Work," by A. Wynter Blyth, M.R.C.S., J. J. Manley, M.A., on "Salt and other Condiments," W. Booth Scott on "Cleansing Streets and Ways," J. C. Sparkes on "Schools of Art," Surgeon Cantlie on "Accidental Injuries: Their Relief and Immediate Treatment," Shirley Murphy on "Infectious Disease and Its Prevention," James Lakeman on "Health in the Workshop," Dr. John Thudicum on "Alcoholic Drinks," Dr. John Atfield on "Water and Unfermented Beverages." A few of these we must very briefly notice, reserving the larger portion for a future number. They all differ from the larger half of the Fisheries' pamphlets in being handbooks and not lectures followed by discussion, an arrangement whereby the reader is saved from much idle talk, though sometimes, of course, he misses a useful hint. Mr. Edis is well-known by his book on the "Decoration and Furniture of Town Houses," and by his article on the same subject in Cassell's "Our Homes." Most ladies, too, at the Healtheries have at once spotted the combination furniture of which his "Handbook" gives designs. Attempts at putting one piece of furniture to several uses have usually been as ugly as they have been unsatisfactory. But Mr. Edis's are as far removed as possible from the old "bed by night and chest of drawers by day" type. He has certainly combined the maximum of comfort in the minimum of space with an artistic beauty seldom realised in ordinary furniture. His remarks on wall-papers, on the contriving of baths, &c., are well worth study; indeed the little book is as valuable as any in the series. Mr. Warre goes thoroughly into the subject of training, giving the *coup de grace* to the absurd notions which have so long held their ground on that subject. He points out how athletics almost seem a question of race, as if the Latin races were denied those social qualities which in our upper and middle classes (though not so much, unhappily, in the lower ranks) make our public games so peculiarly valuable. He has good chapters on rowing and volunteering; and on exercises for children and women. His summary of the history of the subject, showing how the Romans lost, and, therefore, their imitators never gained, what once they were foremost in, is admirably written. The Hon. E. Lyttelton takes as his subject cricket, football, and lawn tennis, and Mr. Cobb treats of cycling, on the indirect advantages of which he has a very strong opinion. We call special attention to what he says on cycling for ladies, and to Mr. Lyttelton's remarks on the growth of school games in Germany, and also on diet. Begin the day with a biscuit and a glass of milk;



SHE LIVED BY AN ABYSSINIAN RIVER



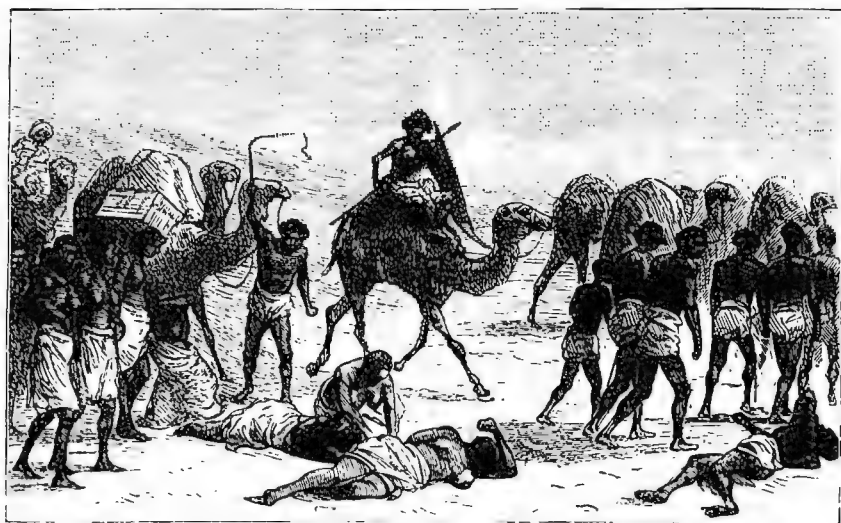
BUT A SLAVE-HUNTER DISCOVERED HER VILLAGE



AND MAKING A NIGHT RAID, HE CARRIED HER OFF WITH OTHER WOMEN



AND SOLD HER AT A PUBLIC MARKET IN THE SOUDAN



SHE WAS THEN TAKEN ACROSS THE DESERT TO THE RED SEA



AND SMUGGLED ACROSS TO JEDDAH IN A SLAVE DHOW



WHERE SHE BECAME THE PROPERTY OF A TURKISH BEY



AND GAVE HER LIFE TO REGAIN HER FREEDOM

THE SLAVE TRADE IN THE EAST—THE ADVENTURES OF A SLAVE-GIRL



A SWARM OF BEES

breakfast at 10; dine at 7.30; and chew your food à la Gladstone, and you will then sleep and work well.

Of various minor works which lie on our table, Mr. Samuel Wood has written a useful little handbook, "Modern Window Gardening" (Houlston and Sons). His advice with regard to potting plants in small rather than large pots is worth noting, while his list of plants which flourish best under various aspects will enable many a hitherto unsuccessful window gardener to secure a good show of flowers.—"Scarborough as a Health Resort," by Alfred Haviland, M.R.C.S.E. (Hamilton Adams and Co.), is worth looking at in the present holiday season. The plan which is partially adopted in that town of having lodging-houses properly inspected and certificated by the Medical Officer of Health will calm many a nervous spirit.—"Railway Adventures and Anecdotes," edited by R. Pike (Hamilton Adams and Co.), is an amusing collection of stories connected with our iron roads for the past fifty years.

"Menus Made Easy," by Nancy Lake (F. Warne and Co.) will be hailed with relief by many lady housekeepers who wish to know exactly what constitutes an *entrée*, a *relevé*, or an *entremets*. While no actual recipes are given, there are lists of various dishes arranged in courses with their French names, followed by an English description giving a general idea of their ingredients and their appearance when sent to table.

Of new editions we have received "The Law of Bills, Cheques, Notes, and I O U's," entirely rewritten by James Walter Smith, Esq., LL.D. (Effingham Wilson); "Half-Hours at the Sea-Side," an admirable holiday handbook alike for old and young, by J. E. Taylor, F.L.S. (W. H. Allen and Co.) "Days and Hours in a Garden," essays by "E. V. B.," which had appeared previously in the *Gardener's Chronicle* (Elliot Stock); three new volumes of "Blackwood's Educational Series of Standard Authors," Hawthorne's "Tanglewood Tales," Mary Mitford's "Our Village," Defoe's "Robinson Crusoe," and the fourteenth volume of Morley's Universal Library—Coleridge's "Table Talk" (Routledge).

Messrs. W. H. Allen have sent Part II. of Mr. Henry Blackburn's "Academy Sketches," containing two hundred illustrations of pictures in the recent Royal Academy.



MESSRS. ROBERT COCKS AND CO.—Two very pretty songs, music by Ciro Pinsuti, are respectively "My Nellie," a tender love ditty, words by "Rea," and "Estelle," a narrative song of medium compass, words by Charles J. Rowe.—Somewhat mythical are the words, by T. M. Watson, of "The Children's Island," music by Alice Borton: it has already made a favourable impression with the public, and is likely to keep its position.—"Into the World," written and composed by Frederic E. Weatherly and John Francis Barnett, is a narrative song of a youth who learns to be content with his start in life through hearing the "children's voices" singing through the village street.—"Amarillis," a *danse joyeuse*, by Hugh Clendon, is easy and tuneful, and will prove a welcome addition to the schoolroom library.—"Chic-a-Choc" valse, by J. G. Montefiore, is more remarkable for the quaintness of its frontispiece than the originality of its music.

MESSRS. NOVELLO, EWER, AND CO.—Numbers 488 to 498 of "Novello's Part-Song Book" (Second Series) contain a very choice and pleasing selection, commencing with "In the Moonlight," a four-part song, music by Joachim Raff, words translated from the German of Alfred Muth by the Rev. J. Troutbeck. By the same collaborators are Nos. 489, "Silent Happiness;" 490, "Snowdrops;" 491, "May Day," and 492, "Good Night From the Rhine;" "Evening" (493) is a charming composition, words by the Rev. H. C. Shuttleworth, music by G. C. Martin; No. 494 is a madrigal for five voices, "O, Too Cruel Fair!" music by W. S. Rockstro; No. 495, "The Miller's Wooing," is a merry choral ballad, written and composed by Julia Goddard and Eaton Fanning; Nos. 496 and 497 are four-part songs written and composed by Thomas Moore and J. L. Gregory, F.C.O., entitled respectively, "When Twilight Dews" and "East Indian." Last, but not the least pleasing, is "When At Corinna's Eyes I Gaze," a madrigal for five voices, written and composed by Charles H. Lloyd.—"Original Compositions for the Organ," by Gustav Merkel, continue to keep up their reputation. The current numbers are "Fantasia in D" (13), "Two Preludes"—B flat and G—(14), and "Marche Religieuse" (15).—Organists will cordially welcome "Book IV. of Transcriptions from the Works of F. Mendelssohn Bartholdy," by Geo. Calkin, who also has just now published some very sweet "Soft Voluntaries."

COLLABORATION, OLD AND NEW

DURING a period of more than eighty years hardly a French playwright has put his own lone pen to his best pieces. Of course there are exceptions, magnificent if not many. Victor Hugo is obviously not a name that goes well in double harness. The younger Dumas' partnerships are usually mysterious arrangements, whereof now and then the other partner knows nothing until the piece appears. And Sardou lives alone like the lion, but lets the jackals provide for him at times. They do not collaborate, they deign to remodel inferior creatures' crude sketches. Emile Augier and Pailleron, *doivent dans leur verre*, but then they only take a very temperate draught once in two years. The rest, the militant majority, the providers of our daily dramatic diet, have hardly produced one play a-piece single-handed since the beginning of the century. The system has its abuses—few systems are entirely without them; it is at its worst a lazy system, a method of work which leads to shirking work, to exploiting the bigger reputation at the expense of the lesser. But conscientiously practised, practised by Duvert and Lausanne, by Meilhac and Halévy, by Labiche and Lefranc, the brothers Cogniard, it has produced at least the greatest comic masterpieces of modern days. In its origin the system came of course of a nonchalant habit of life and labour. The first young authors of the vaudeville found it necessary, like a good many young authors of more recent date, to exchange ideas after dinner, and even before dinner, over their modest cups, and the idea of one man producing the song of another (generally without much of an idea in it), the song suggested a scene, or *vice versa*, and at the third bottle the third act was planned—almost executed.

The vaudevillists made collaboration fashionable, their special line lending itself to joint authorship more than any other, but they did not invent it. Long before the Revolution, Domenico, Riccoboni, and Romagnesi, authors and actors of the Italian company, composed parodies and satires of the passing period in common; Laffichard and Valois d'Orville, Favart and Voisenon—historic names in the golden book of the green-room—continued the tradition of literary twinning.

Quand l'afficheur affiche Laffichard,
L'afficheur affiche un poète sans art,

is one of those trifles that enliven men's memories for centuries. Piis and Barré, the third set of collaborateurs, found the Italian theatre ungrateful, were lampooned by the then all-powerful Sedaine, and in revenge they gave France the representative French theatre—apart, the Comédie Française, if you will. How many historians of

the drama, even among the latter serious Fourniers of the last generation, know that Piis and Barré opened the Vaudeville in 1792, and that Piis's single-handed *Les Deux Panthéons* was the first of all the brilliant, the incomparable series we have seen or heard of since? That Vaudeville began well. In three months it produced ten pieces, but it is characteristic of the house, remarkable in relation with the subject of this paper, that the first real success was a three-handed play—*Arlequin Afficheur*—by Barré, Radet, and Desfontaines, which held the stage for months and heralded twenty years of prosperous plays by the same authors. Radet and Desfontaines worked alone now and then, but not for the new theatre. There collaboration reigned despotically, and there their best pieces were given. As the taste for *pièces de circonstance*, amusing ephemera mounted in a day to last twenty nights, increased, the three found they were not enough; they enlisted Piis for two pieces, satirising the prevalent balloon mania, for *Voltaire, or a Day at Ferney*, &c.; for the *Pari* they were five; for the *Fin du Monde* they were eight, a number rarely exceeded even in our own days of infinitesimal piece-work. But the multitude of authors was at least prolific. It produced from the end of the Directorate to Mid-Empire a succession of plays it would be wearisome to catalogue, it would be impossible to describe. Nearly all were the merest ephemera, pasquinades, pamphlets in dialogue, futilities which did not even hint at the monster events of the moment, but farces, three and four successively on a parochial quarrel between Favart and the Vaudeville; for the death of Lajou, the good and gay old songster, when twenty-four authors managed to produce one act, which was not without salt. True, Gouffé, Piis, Théaulon, Mercier-Dupaty (afterwards of the Academy), Ducroy-Dumilard were among them. Twelve before that had produced at the Troubadours theatre a little dramatic pleasantry called *The Abuse of Wit*, and among the twelve were Salverte, a Deputy, Cadet-Gassicourt, the distinguished chemist Legouvé, two members of the Institute, and Alissan de Chezet, surnamed "the Inevitable," because no dramatic partnership was complete without him. Work was then a night's pleasure. This same dozen, or nearly the same, composed at supper another vaudeville, translated, *How Sorry am I to be Rich!* But there are more numerous companies of collaborateurs even than the twelve, than the twenty-four. The first and foremost, Alexandre Dumas, belonged to a set of thirty-four authors, who produced the *Tower of Babel*, in one act, in 1834, a play aimed at the paper, the *Constitutionnel*, which had abused *Antony* as no paper abuses anybody or anything in our day. One actor, Lherin, sang an *improvisé* stave as his contribution to the common work, and the play was prohibited in less than a fortnight, albeit the offended journal with dignified good taste printed an absolutely favourable account of the performance. Later, somewhere in the fifties, the *Delasements Comiques*—"Delass. Com." for boulevardiers—found itself without a manager and with a very poor—pecuniarily speaking—company. Twenty-eight authors came to their help, each writing his scene in a *revue*, whereof the proceeds went to the theatre without deduction. Among the twenty-eight were Barrière, Clairville, Paul de Kock, Dumanoir, Hostein, Henri Monnier.

But this had already ceased to be the old arcadian collaboration of other days—the union of two sympathies, the marriage of two talents, not merely the association of two cheque-books. Purely commercial partnerships were rapidly succeeding to the literary friendships of Pain and Bouilly—a practical pun which signed *Fanchon la Veilleuse*, a typical drama imitated everywhere to this day. The association of Paul de Kock with Théodore Barrière, for instance, could never have been due to intellectual sympathy between the author of *Les Faux Bonshommes* and him who committed *La Fille aux Trois Jupons*. And yet they produced jointly more than half a dozen plays, one of which at least is yet famous, the *Maison du Pont Notre Dame*. De Kock must have found a much more real affinity in the haberdasher Mourier, who finished life in the skin of a manager and dramatic author. Augier, too (I find he did collaborate once), found a natural affinity in Alfred de Musset. They wrote between them *L'Habit Vert*, a satire on the Academy, and ten years later both were Academicians. The collaborateurs of our day are nearly all men of business, and have little more than business relations one with another. Dennery, the great drama manufacturer, works with anyone who has discovered a subject, or can help in the elaboration of one, and consequently he has written in company with nearly every practised playwright in Paris. The same thing may be said of William Busnach, the imperial Busnach, who, however, prefers collaborating with the authors of famous novels. Meilhac and Halévy are, or rather were, the most constant co-workers to be found in France. One name implied the other. They were the supreme creators of those delicious, delicate follies, which, as Meilhac says, "Take place in Scribble," a purely theatrical country, bounded by footlights, wings, and set scenes; but which have considerable sound philosophy in them for all that. But the inseparables are separated, there has been a literary divorce, and Meilhac is writing plays with a financier, Jacques Redelsperger, while Halévy writes novels—more reactionary than realistic—alone. Chivot and Duru are the Siamese twins of light-opera libretti, like Vanloo and Leterrier, only these latter extend their flight into every species of dramatic sphere, and sign the farcical comedy, the *Lapin*, after *Giroflé Girofla*, *La Petite Mariée*, *La Camargo*, &c. "Flan" and "Blum" (predestined names) was an association that death has severed. "Blum," the survivor, now chiefly occupies himself with extreme Radical politics—albeit now and then he faces the footlights hand in hand with Toché and that extravagantly overrated German apostle of the commonest sense, Albert Wolff. Paul Ferrier is yet young in the ways of collaboration, but he is progressing rapidly. He has abandoned his pretty little piecelets, *Tabarin*, *Chez Avocat*, &c., at the Comédie Française, for monster machines, with Dennery, which produce less glory but more hard cash. Vast-Ricouard are other Siamese authors—but Siam would repudiate some of their works as being too highly-spiced for the climate.

The honest fond fraternity of Erckmann-Chatrian ought not to be mentioned in a breath with theirs. And, indeed, the twin Alsatians are only dramatic authors on a very small scale: *L'Ami Fuit* and the *Juif Polonais* are their only pieces of note; *La Guerre* does not count, and the *Rantrau* was little more than a success of esteem and of scenery.

How do men collaborate? What is the practical system that produces an air of homogeneity? Without affecting to have witnessed the incubation of any sovereign works of a twofold genius, it may be boldly answered that the systems differ as much as the fancies. The secret of the brothers de Goncourt's joint production has never been absolutely divulged; but to judge from the last works of the survivor, he had all the capacity for hard, cruel analysis, his brother the finer artistic sense of colour and proportion—though neither had that of proportion to an eminent degree. The Erckmann-Chatrian partnership is pretty well known to all lettered Paris. Chatrian is the soldier, the man of action, the dramatic power in the firm; Erckmann is not the sleeping, but the dreaming, partner. Erckmann's intellect is dominant in "The Tales of the Rhine Borders," Chatrian's in the different episodes of the Napoleonic Odyssey and collapse. Each of the de Goncourts spoke of "My" work as if they were one; Erckmann Chatrian say "We," even like an editor. But among the lesser dramatic associations the method of work is generally somewhat after this fashion: you hear in any theatrical *café*, a Najac, a Hennequin, a Burani, any of the younger school who hunt in couples, and even *quatuors*, ask a comrade abruptly if he is "of the piece"—on the piece, as four boys used to be put "on" one towel at Dotheboys Hall. He is the originator, the

sower of the first seed, and he has communicated his germ to an acquaintance whose speciality is scenarios. Afterwards a gentleman good at points may be induced to enter into partnership, then a gentleman good at poignant *dénouements*; if it be a light form, a verse writer must come in for the couplets; and then an appointment is made. The practical man of the trio usually receives his friends, and holds the pen. The rest suggest, one a scene, another a point, another a practical effect, a "clou," and, it must be said, with a sigh for poor poetry, that the verse-maker is invariably the least important coadjutor of all. The two most important are the *metteur en scène*, the man with the practical stage-manager's knowledge, and the man with a reputation already half-made, and who signs first on the playbills, albeit he may not have written ten lines of the play. In all collaborations there is an inconceivable amount of cigarette-smoking, an extraordinary number of *café* appointments. It will be seen it is not an eminently moral institution; but it has yielded a multitude of workmanlike plays, an abundance of even innocent amusement, and even the most moral institutions have not always done so much.

E. J.



"THE PITY OF IT," by Mrs. M. E. Smith (3 vols.: Hurst and Blackett) is sufficiently interesting and amusing. But it would have been much more interesting had it been much less long, and more amusing if it contained less exaggeration. A couple of volumes would have been ample for all purposes: the orthodox number of three being obtained by the too usual processes of spinning out as much, and leaving to the reader's imagination as little, as possible. After the first volume, to which these objections do not apply, style and story together become diffuse, and the characters overcrowded, not by any means for want of room to work in, but because there are too many of them. As to the other fault that we have mentioned, exaggeration, especially—strange to say—in the person of the heroine, amounts to caricature. It is not easy to be sympathetic and sentimental over a young woman who answers to the nickname of "Wiggles," and who never moves about without the company of two dogs, a cat, a bullfinch, a talking parrot, two marmosets, and a salamander—at any rate, the friends to whose houses she brought all this menagerie as a necessary portion of a visitor's luggage must have sympathy and sentiment towards Wiggles exceedingly hard to exercise. Nor is it easy to accept, outside the licences of burlesque, the fact of her being so charming that the bees used to settle harmlessly on her cheeks and hands, mistaking their sweetness for honey, and to swarm in her golden hair, thinking it sunbeams. After this, it is scarcely necessary to speak further of Mrs. Smith's capacities for exaggeration. Indeed, there only remains the pleasanter duty of giving her credit for her lively and spirited treatment of a fairly original story, better worth telling than new stories often are. She is no more afraid of improbabilities than she is of exaggeration. But she deals with them boldly, and improbabilities in fiction are very like nettles in respect of their only requiring to be handled with sufficient courage. The plot has some genuinely dramatic qualities of a rather sensational kind, and many of the characters are drawn in a vein of much more genuine humour than that of the heroine, in whose case a straining after original charm goes far to defeat its own end. On the whole, readers may be safely advised to make acquaintance with "The Pity of It" for themselves; while the authoress must be counselled, in her own future interest, to study the arts of compression and moderation.

It is not at all easy to deal with "The Unclassed," by George Gissing (3 vols.: Chapman and Hall). As its title indicates, it treats of persons and subjects who have been by general consent excluded from English fiction. Not that Mr. Gissing has made any attempt to make sensational capital out of his subject—nobody need fear in him a pioneer of the school of M. Zola. He is earnestly full of the idea that no class is really very black, or, indeed, anything less than very white, and he has therefore sketched some fancy portraits of very high-minded, but otherwise ordinary young persons, and then labelled them as he pleases. It is difficult to say to what order of readers "The Unclassed" appeals. Certainly not to unwholesome appetites for the realistic, because it is as tame and flavourless as the purest water, while the nature of its subject will certainly repel the majority. If it be intended to do good, as we suppose is the case, Mr. Gissing must be content with congratulations on his good intentions. He has decidedly made a profound mistake in imagining that fiction is either a right or a practical instrument for giving effect to them. He was bound to be either unwholesome or dull; and, to his credit be it said, he has chosen the latter alternative.

Lord James Douglas has followed his "Royal Angus" by "Queen Mab" (2 vols.: Bentley and Son), in which sport and sentiment are mingled together in the same manner as before. But the element that overshadows all else is its tragedy—not, as might be expected, the result of the Turf or any similar experiences, but such as might have happened without the appearance of a horse in the novel. One Sir Ronald Estmere, having loved "Queen Mab"—the name, though sounding horsily, is a girl's—and lost her to a rival who jilts her, seeks out the villain and provokes him to a duel. But the girl, who is dead of a broken heart, appears to Sir Ronald in a vision, and so works upon his feelings that he fires into the air, receives his adversary's fire, and dies, a martyr to love and chivalry. The author's style has not improved. He still writes in the same lady-like fashion, suggesting an exceedingly weak dilution of the author of "Guy Livingstone." When he deals with sport, he is on more solid ground than when dealing with other forms of human nature; but even here he is without humour, and never ceases to be sentimental. His male characters, especially, appear to be the production of a feminine pen. On the other hand, he is fluent and lively, and always exceedingly easy to read. Probably he will never acquire much strength of hand, but there is no reason why he should not write sufficiently good stories of a light and graceful kind if he studies better models than he seems to have taken hitherto. His story is fairly well constructed and his tragedy is inevitable—which is saying a great deal.

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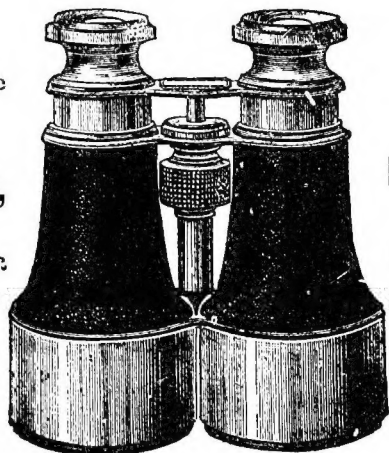


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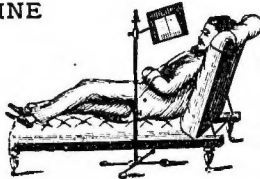
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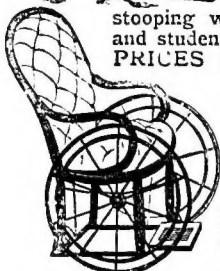
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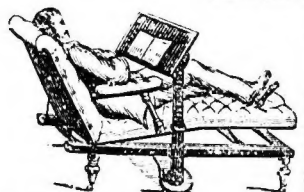
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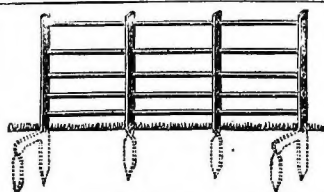
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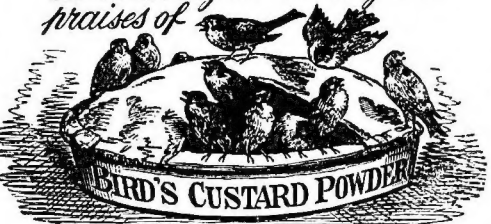
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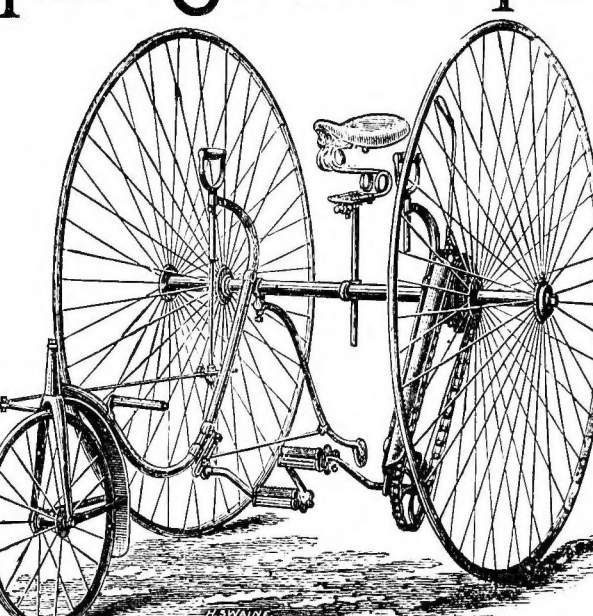


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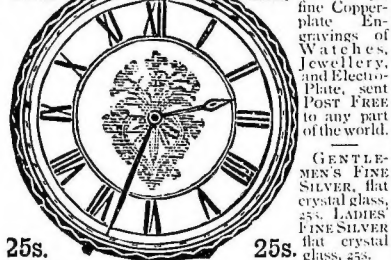
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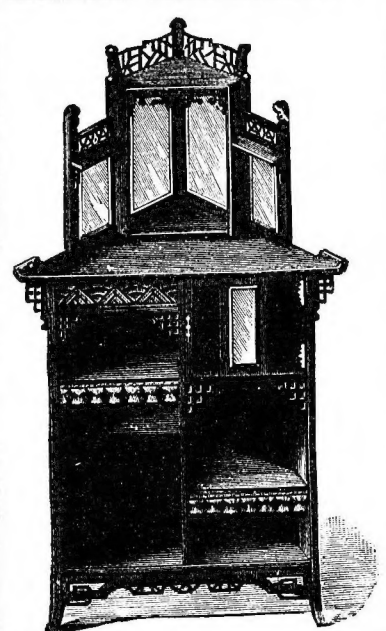


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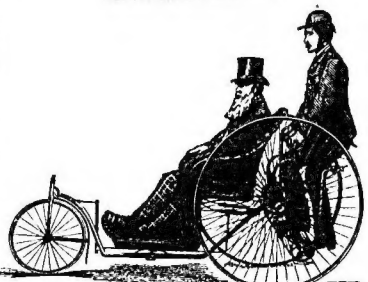
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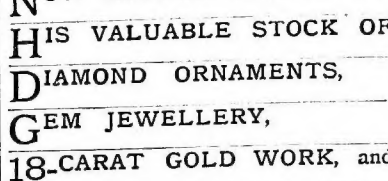
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